

A N
ESSAY
UPON THE
Art of Love,

CONTAINING
An Exact *Anatomy* of Love
and *all* the other *Pas-*
sions which attend it.



Printed MDCCII.



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T H E

P R E F A C E.

TWas in the Sweet Retirement of a Country Life, where I had leisure to consider this Anatomy of Love: And, having writ this little Book, for want of something else to do, I now publish it, with as good reason, for the sake of Those who, having as little to do as my Self, may perhaps be as willing to read it, as I have been to write it. Neither am I discourag'd with the common Complaint, that there are already too many Books in the World: Because I am apt to think, that there are still more Humours than Books; and that the Best can do its Reader no good, unless it suits with his Humour. For, altho' the Body may sometimes be

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cur'd, by painful Remedies; and the Mind may now and then submit, by force, to the convincing Evidence of Truth; yet still our Heart it self is never workt upon by any other Motives than such as invite and please us. From whence I easily conclude, that it is not so very great a Crime to encrease the Lumber of the Literate World, by throwing one Book more into the Heap. It may, for ought I know, have better fortune than others which better deserve it; and may possibly please some People very well, tho' perhaps with as little reason as it may chance to displease others.

But, since I had so little to do, my Friends peradventure may ask me, Why I did not go on with my Practical Discourses upon the Morality of the Gospel? My Answer is, I have not here abandon'd my Design; I have only chang'd my Method of pursuing it. My Business, at the first, was only to lay open the Morality of Love, which I intended to have pickt up here and there, according as I found

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found it scatter'd, in the Gospel. Two small Volumes were already publisht; and it would have cost me half a dozen more, to bring in all the Pieces necessary to compleat the Work. Mean time, the Principal Matter would have been so often interrupted, with so many other matters which the Gospel intermixes with it; that, of all my Readers, very few would Spell it, and perhaps not one would take the pains to put it well together. I have therefore moulded my Design anew: And, in one little Volume, all the Art of Love, which would have scarce found place in eight, is now more fully treated, in a shorter, clearer, and more connected Method.

Besides, a Practical Discourse is so very like a Sermon, that those, who commonly on Sundays are almost surfett'd with the One, have little or no appetite to the Other all the Week after. They have already heard a great deal more than they desire to practise; and 'tis not likely They will give themselves the trouble of read-
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ing what they do not much care to hear. I have therefore condescended to the Weakness of the Age I live in : *And the more willingly, because I have observ'd that there are many Modish People in the World, who would blush to be seen with a Moral Discourse in their hands, for fear of looking like Bigots; and yet will read an Essay (tho' it be Moral) with as good a grace, as if it were enough to make them look like grave Philosophers, or Men of Sense.*

The

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A N

ESSAY

Upon the

Art of Love.

CHAP. I.

The Design of this Essay.

THIS Wicked Age, in which we Live, appears to be as Ingenious as any has been before it: 'Tis Ambitiously industrious to excell in other Arts: And would be a Happy Age indeed, if it were but half as busy about the

A 5 only

only necessary One, which is the *Art of Love*. 'Tis true; There's nothing more *Natural* than Love: But yet there's nothing has more need of *Art*; because our Love is *Naturally* so very Sick, that our greatest *Art* is little enough to cure it.

This *Art of Love* comprehends the *Whole Duty of Man*. Let him only *Love* what he ought; according to the Rules and Measures of Right Reason, neither more, nor less, than he ought; such a man will be sure to do his Duty, if he has not already done it.

All Disorders of our Soul, and all the Mischiefs in the World, proceed from Vicious or Foolish Love. 'Tis *Vicious*, when we Love what we ought not to Love; or, when we Love it, more or less than we ought. 'Tis *Foolish*, when we Love what do's not deserve our Love; or, when we Love it more or less than it deserves. And this is true in all our Love of Creatures. Only our
Creator

Chap. I. *the Art of Love.* 11

Creator is so Infinitely deserving, we cannot possibly Love him *more* than we ought : And the Necessity of our Loving him incomparably *less* than he deserves, is the very reason why we are oblig'd to Love him as much as ever we can (*a*) *with all our Heart, with all our Soul, with all our Strength, with all our Mind.* In a word, The *Good* and *Evil* of Love are so Considerable and so Universal, that no man can employ his time better, than in Studying this One Lesson ; I mean, the *Art* of Loving God, and the *Remedy* of Loving his Creatures.

But is the *Love* of Creatures such a terrible Disease, that all the *Art* we have is little enough to be employ'd in finding out a *Remedy* for it ? Yes, Yes. I do not fear to affirm it : And shall make it my business to prove it. 'Tis the Common Source of Humane Frailty. All the Diseases of our Soul proceed from it. And all our Wicked Inclinations,

(*a*) Luke 10. 27.

tions, all our Vicious Habits, all our Sins, both Great and Small, are all Deriv'd from this One Universal Cause: As will appear more plainly, if we consider well the Nature and the Power of *Love*, which influences all our Passions, and lies Dangerously lurking at the Root of all our Vices.

C H A P. II.

The Power of Love.

HE either has no Soul, or do's not deserve to have one, who is more delighted with the Dissection of a dead Body, than with the Anatomy of a living Soul. In the first we are much more in the dark, and cannot certainly tell what alterations Death may bring along with it. So great a Change may possibly involve a great many lesser changes, more than we are well aware of. The several Vessels may be very much dilated or contracted; and the Texture, Posture, Figure, of the

the Parts, may perhaps be very different, in a corrupting Carcass, from what they were before in a Body full of Life and vigour. If a Living Body were transparent, so that any curious Eye might see the Shape, the Situation, and the Motion of each Part, distinctly in it self, and in the actual performance of its proper Function; our Physicians then would be more Skilful than they are; their Studies would, to them, be more delightful, and to us more beneficial than they hitherto have been.

And Thus it is in the Anatomy, I now speak of; in which our Moralists have great Advantage over our Physicians. The Soul, which they anatomize, is Living: All the Passions of it, are in actual motion, more or less, according as Occasion requires: And when our Mind reflects attentively upon it self, the Main Springs which continually move us, are in open View, so fully expos'd, that if we are not wilfully
Blind,

Blind, we may plainly see, as well as feel them, within us. Our Wandering Thoughts indeed, are sometimes apt to lose themselves, and leave no mark behind them; we know not what they were, nor how they were employ'd: But this is only now and then, when our Brains are taking a Nap: The least Reflection soon awakens us; and then we cannot but discern, what Thoughts pass in our Mind; and what Impressions they make there; at least those great Impressions, which Philosophers call Passions, *Love and Hatred, Desire and Aversion, Joy and Grief, Hope and Despair, Fear and Boldness*, and, which is the most manifest of all, the Passion of *Anger*.

I cannot say, these Passions are always Sinful. The first impulses of them, are sometimes so suddain, as to get the Start of Reason; and are not voluntary, till we so recover our thoughts, as to be able to reflect what we are doing. In such cases, they

they only are the Natural Motions of an Unreasonable Appetite: Our Reason takes no cognizance of them, either to approve or censure them: And thus there's no Morality in them, either good or bad, no more than in the Actions of a Brute. But, when we once reflect, the very first Glympe gives us notice of our Duty; That this *Appetite* of ours must ever be (b) *Subject to us*; and that we always must *rule over it*; and never suffer it to hurry us away, into any the least Excess beyond the Limits of Right Reason.

Yet thus it commonly is with our Passions. They naturally hate Restraint; They cannot bear the yoke of any Law; and therefore are continually busy in soliciting and importuning us to leave our Duty and pursue our Humour. Our *Anger* is so near allied to Madness, that, while it lasts, we scarce can see the difference. Our *Hopes* and *Fears* continually wrack our Mind; the one endeavouring

(b) *Gen 4. 7.*

vouring to rouse our Courage, and raise it to the height of *Boldness*; whilst the other labours to depress our Spirits. and sink them into deep *Despair*. Our *Joy* and *Grief* are such Diseases, that they have often kill'd the Body; nor could the Soul it self have Scap'd, if it had not been, Immortal. What numbers have died with *Grief*! And has it not sometimes hapned, that the contrary Passion of *Joy* has prov'd the more killing Disease of the two? The Story is still fresh in our memory, of a Man who outliv'd three years *Grief* for the Loss of his Estate at *Namur*, and Died with three days *Joy* for its recovery. Nor is it any Wonder that their Motions are so Violent, if we consider well that our *Aversions* and *Desires* are boundless and insatiable, and that our *Love* and *Hatred* are so Arbitrary and so Unaccountable, that we have nothing left to plead in their Defence, but only, *Such is our Will and Pleasure*. Alas! These pitiful unsatisfying

unsatisfying Creatures which we doat on, cannot challenge so much Love. 'Tis only one and the same Folly, which makes us *Love* them without Reason, and *Desire* them without Measure.

The first of all our Passions is *Love*. By *Love* we first begin to feel an inclination or propension to somewhat or other, which either *is* or *seems* to be, a real *Good*; and by the same rule, that we *Love* this *Good*, we *Hate* the *Evil* which deprives us of it: By *Desire* we first begin our Motions towards the obtaining what we love: And by *Delight* or *Joy* we sweetly rest in the possession of it. On the other side, our *Hatred* is the first disrelish or dislike we have of *Evil*: Our *Aversion* first begins our Motion from it, that we may avoid it: And when it overtaks and seizes us, being now no longer able to fly from it, *Grief* possesses us with pain and trouble, more or less, according to the measure of the *Hatred* and *Aversion* we

conceiv'd against it, that is, according to the measure of that *Love* which made us hate it.

Here are five Passions already, which are so many Effects of Love: And there are five more yet behind, which flow from the same Source. If what we love, be *hard to be obtain'd*, the more we love it and desire it, the more unwilling we are to abandon it, and therefore more inclin'd to flatter our selves with *Hope*, that we may be so fortunate as to obtain it. But this is never without a mixture of *Fear*; because the more we love it and desire it, the more we are loth to lose it, and more sensibly afraid of any Difficulty which may meet us in the way to it. However, if the Difficulty do not seem to overmatch us; if, either by our selves, or by any friendly assistance, we conceive we may be able to overcome it, we are *Bold* enough to fight with any Opposition; and the more we love the *Good* for which we take up arms, the more we venture,

2. Chap. 2. *the Art of Love.* 19

ture, and more heartily expose our
selves in fighting for it. Nothing
but a *real*, or a *seeming*, absolute
impossibility of Success, which quite
destroys all Hope, There's nothing
else can break a Lover's Heart ; and
then, the more we love, the greater
is our Torment of *Despair*, and
Grief, and *Anger* which enrages
us against the Cause of our Misfor-
tune.

Behold here no less than half a
score Passions, always ready to at-
tend our *Love*, which way soever
it moves. Is there any thing we
do, or say, or ever trouble our
heads with, which is not influenc'd
by one, or more, of them ? Or is
there any one of them, which is not
influenc'd by *Love* ? We daily and
hourly feel their Power over us ;
and find by sad Experience, what
Slaves we are to their Commands.
Tis therefore very well worth our
serious Thoughts, to observe the
Origine of such a fatal Power ; a
Power so Arbitrary, and so very
Ex-

Exorbitant, that we are Mad and Senseless if we do not labour all we can, and joyn our utmost Forces to reduce it, and suppress the Growth of it. Tis a Truth which so very nearly concerns our Present as well as Future Welfare, that we cannot be too Sensible of it: Nor can I better employ my Time, than in making a farther discovery of it, by considering every Passion separately by it self.

C H A P. III.

The Nature of Love.

Love is the first-born Passion of the Mind: Tis the first Impression that affects our Appetite: A lively Apprehension of some Pleasing Object charms us; and the very first *Complacency* we feel, is that which we call *Love*. If we deliberate upon the matter, and consider well the merits of it, making choice of that which we have reason to think Best, and most for our Advantage;

Chap. 3. *the Art of Love.* 21

stage; Tis a Reasonable Love: We have done a Wise Man's Duty: And tho' sometimes we possibly may be mistaken in our Choice, we need not be asham'd of it. But if we rashly trust the first Surprise of an agreeable Appearance; and, without examining, take every thing for Gold, that glitters; 'tis no wonder if we almost always are mistaken, and we may thank our Selves, for being Fools without-Excuse.

If you ask me, What is *Love*? You may as well also ask, What is *Good*? or, What is *Desirable*? These Notions are so Natural, and so Common, that we easier understand them, than we can express them. The common Description of *Love*, is this: *A Complacency in what is (c) good for us, or (d) desirable by us.* It must

(c) Non amatur certe nisi solum Bonum. 1. 2. q. 27. a. 1. cont. (d) Prima immutatio Appetitus ab appetibili vocatur *Amor*, qui nil est aliud quam *Complacencia appetibilis*. 1. 2. q. 26. a. 2. cor.

must be really Good, or seem to be so, or else we cannot love it. Besides, it must be good for us, or else it cannot be desirable by us. I say, it (e) must be good for Us; for, if it be not suppos'd to be our Good, it cannot be the Object of our Love. We do not love a Friend, because he is a Friend to no body, or to any other body; but, because he is a Friend to Us, therefore we love him. (f) In these two single Syllables, *Us*, and *Ours*, is comprehended the whole

(e) Cum aliquis amat aliquid quasi concupiscens illud, apprehendit illud quasi si pertinens ad suum bene esse. Similiter cum aliquis amat aliquem amore amicitiae, apprehendit eum ut alterum se, et vult ei bonum, sicut et sibi: et inde est quod amicus dicitur alter ipse. 1. 2. q. 28. a. 1. cor. (f) Per Complacentiam Appetitus Amans se habet ad id quod amat, sicut ad seipsum, vel ad aliquid sui. 1. 2. q. 26. a. 1. ad 2. Amans se habet ad amatum, in amore amicitiae, ut ad seipsum; in amore autem concupiscentiae, ut ad aliquid sui. 1. 2. q. 28. a. 1. ad 2.

whole Compass of our Love. We love the *Person* of a Friend, because he seems to be *our Self*; and love his *Good*, because it seems to be *Ours*. No matter, how this Fancy gets into our head, that *our Friend and We are all One*; 'tis certain that as long as this Fancy lasts, so long we shall love his *Person*, as *our Self*, and his *Good*, as *our Own*. But if once any Division creeps in (g) or any Opposition appears betwixt our *Friend* and *Us*, the Case is soon alter'd; Our Love decays immediately; it vanishes; and often turns to Hatred. He is no longer *Our Friend*; His *Good* is no longer *Ours*: And what have we to do, to love what neither is *our Self*, nor any way belonging to *Us*.

Phi-

(g) Odium nunquam vinceret amorem, nisi propter majorem amorem cui odium correspondet. Sic homo magis diligit se quam amicum: et propter hoc quod diligit se, habet odio etiam amicum si sibi contrarietur. I. 2. q. 29. a. 3. ad 2.

Philosophes not only distinguish these two sorts of Love (*b*) 1. the Love of the *Person* it self; 2. the Love of what is *Good* for him; but also take some pains to shew, how great disparity there is betwixt the Love of a *Person*, and the Love of his *Good*. They make the difference as great, as betwixt *Substance* (*i*) and *Accident*; and tell us, that the first is the principal Love, and that the second is only accessory to it. And indeed the first of these, is evidently the Foundation of the second: For we do not therefore love a *Person*, because we love his *Good*; but on the contrary, because we love him for his *own* Sake, therefore we love his *Good* for his sake. And this

second

(*b*) *Motus amoris in duo tendit, scilicet in bonum quod quis vult alicui, et in illud cui vult bonum. 1. 2. q. 26. a. 4. cor. (i) Amor quo amatur aliquid ut ei sit bonum, est amor Simpliciter. Amor autem quo amatur aliquid ut sit bonum alterius, est amor Secundum quid. ibid.*

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Second Love is commonly call'd (k) *Love of Desire*: Not that the Passions of Desire and Love are entirely one and the same; but because this Love is apt to breed, either a Friendly Desire of our Neighbour's good, or a Selfish Desire of our own. The first Love is sometimes call'd (k) *Amity or Friendship*, when we love the *Person* of a *Friend*: Or else 'tis pure *Self-love*; when the beloved *Person* is no other than our own dear *Self*.

C H A P. IV.

The Natural Necessity of Self-love.

IT may perhaps be here objected, that our own *Person* do's not seem, either *good* for us, or *desirable* by us: How then can we love it? Is our *Self* *good* for our *Self*? Or
B can

(k) *Ad illud bonum quod quis vult alteri, habetur amor consupiscentia; ad illud autem cui aliquis vult bonum, habetur amor amicitia. ibid.*

can our Self *desire* to be our Self? Such Questions as these, look as untowardly as if they turn'd Truth the wrong side outward; but are easily answer'd with others, which are more to the purpose. Pray is it not a very *good* thing, to *be* what God has made us? Our *Personal Being* is it not made to the Image of God himself? Is it not capable of *Grace* and *Glory*, of *Seeing* and *Loving* him, and of *being Happy* with him for ever? And is not This *good* for us? Is it not *desirable* by us? Peradventure you'll say; I am *already* what I am; and therefore cannot *desire* to be so. But, pray, consider well this Fundamental and Substantial Blessing which God has mercifully bestow'd upon you; Is it therefore the less *lovely* because you *enjoy* it? Or, is the continuation of it less *desirable* for the *future*, because you *enjoy* it at *present*? In a word, Our *Being* is so essential and so necessary a Blessing, that we can neither *be* any thing without
being

being *our Self*; nor *love* any thing, without loving *our Self*.

Of all the Persons in this World, our own beloved Self is our (1) nearest and greatest Concern. Nor is it necessary for us to be guilty of such Vanity, as to think we most deserve it. Our *Self-love* does not stand in need of any such Defence. It does not pretend to justify it Self, upon the Score of Merit. From the very first moment of our *Being*, we *took* ourSelves *for better or worse*; and He, who made us, planted Self-love in the Center of our Nature: So that we are under an invincible necessity (m) either to *love* our

B 2

Selves,

(1) Unitas est potior quam Unio—
 Et ideo homo debet magis Seipsum diligere, quam proximum. 2. 2. q. 26. 2. 4. cor. Unusquisque magis seipsum amat quam alium; quia secum unus est in substantia, alteri vero in Similitudine alicujus formæ. 1. 2. q. 27. 2. 3. cor.

(m) Nunquam a tali amore aliquis totaliter decidit: quia id quod est naturale,

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Selves, or else *not be* our Selves.

Tis therefore a great mistake, to imagine that Self-love is always (*n*) vicious. All Self-love is either the Love of our *Person*, or the Love of our *Good*. The first is always a Natural Necessity, and therefore never is a Virtue or a Vice. The Second is always Virtuous or Vicious, according as we manage it: And the whole *Art of Love* consists, in the right managing of it. True Self-love is certainly the Ground-work
of

turale, totaliter per di non potest. Propter quod Apostolus dicit ad *Ephes*. *Nemo unquam carnem suam odio habuit*. Unde etiam illi qui seipsos interimunt, ex amore carnis suæ hoc faciunt, quam volunt a præsentibus angustiis liberare.

2. 2. q. 126. 2. 1. cor. (*n*) Amare seipsum, uno modo, commune est omnibus; alio modo, proprium est bonorum; tertio modo, proprium est malorum — Omnes homines, boni et mali, diligunt seipsos, in quantum diligunt sui ipsorum conservationem. 2. 2. q. 25. 2. 1. cor.

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of all Virtue. False Self-love is no
less certainly the Root of (o) all
our Vices.

C H A P. V.

False Self-love.

I Have elsewhere deliver'd my
thoughts upon this matter. (p)
There are two sorts of Self-love;
the one, of the Soul; the other,
of the Body. The Love of our Bo-
dies only, without any prospect
further than this present World, is
far from being True Self-love. Not
that it is unlawful for us to love
these Bodies of ours: We may
love them as much as we please,
provided we love them truly, and
as we ought, in order to their Ever-
lasting Happiness. Let us do what
we can to prepare them for a glo-
rious Resurrection and a happy
Eternity: This is True Love:
B 3 And,

(o) 1. 2. q. 87. a. 4. (p) *Morality of
the Gospel. Part II. Disc. 2 & 3.*

‘ And, as long as we chiefly aim at
 ‘ This, we cannot love our Selves
 ‘ too much. The Truest and Best
 ‘ Lovers of their Bodies, are they
 ‘ who make it their chief business
 ‘ to render them instruments of
 ‘ Virtue, who labour all they can
 ‘ to bring them into due Subjection
 ‘ to the Spirit of God, and take
 ‘ great care to make them Temples
 ‘ of the Holy Ghost. This Love of
 ‘ our Bodies will, one day, make
 ‘ them immortal; ’twill make them
 ‘ live for ever, without Pain, or
 ‘ Sicknes, or Uneasiness, or any
 ‘ remainder of Corruption. This
 ‘ Love will make them Partners of
 ‘ those infinite Joys which (q) nei-
 ‘ ther the Eye has seen, nor the Ear
 ‘ heard, nor have enter’d into the
 ‘ Heart of Man; those Endless Plea-
 ‘ sures which God has prepar’d for
 ‘ those that love him. This Love
 ‘ will by degrees refine and Spiritu-
 ‘ alize these gross and Earthly
 ‘ Bodies; ’twill work them into a
 more

(q) 1. Cor. 2. 9.

' a more Heavenly Temper; and
 ' render them more fit to enter (r)
 ' into the Joys of our Lord. This
 ' Love will overcome and mortifie
 ' that Fondness which inclines us
 ' more to *please* our Bodies, than to
 ' do them any real good. That Fond-
 ' ness which, by humouring our Bo-
 ' dies like young Masters, makes
 ' them afterwards become old Ty-
 ' rants over us. That Folly and
 ' Madness, which is better pleas'd
 ' to humour them a little for a Mo-
 ' ment, than to make them Happy
 ' for ever. The Pampering of our
 ' Body, the Pride of Adorning it,
 ' the Covetousness of Maintaining
 ' it, the Luxury of Pleasing it, (s)
 ' the *making Provision for the Flesh*
 ' to fulfil the *Lusts* thereof; All
 ' this is only fattening us like Beasts,
 ' and fitting us for an Eternal
 ' Slaughter. If our Bodies knew
 ' their own Condition, and could
 ' speak for themselves, they would
 ' beg hard to be treated otherwise.

B 4

And

(r) *Mat. 21. 23.* (s) *Rom. 13. 14.*

‘ And if we were truly Kind or Just,
 ‘ we should not do them such a Cru-
 ‘ el, such an Everlasting Injury.

‘ There’s no Self-love is True,
 ‘ but that which aims at our True
 ‘ Good, and leads us to our True
 ‘ Happiness; of which our Body,
 ‘ in this present State, is utterly in-
 ‘ capable. The greatest Felicity that
 ‘ ever any Worldly Body enjoy’d
 ‘ on Earth, was never better than
 ‘ a Soft Bed to a Sickly Person,
 ‘ who being Restless, and still un-
 ‘ easy in himself, is always turn-
 ‘ ing and tossing, to and fro, from
 ‘ one side to the other, never quiet,
 ‘ never pleas’d, but always seeking
 ‘ Rest, and never finding it. He is
 ‘ therefore a very silly Self-lover,
 ‘ who is so Fond of a Sick Bed, with
 ‘ all his Julips, Cordials, and Re-
 ‘ storatives about him, that he had
 ‘ rather still lie waking there, than
 ‘ Sleep, Rise up, and be Well.
 ‘ Death is the only Way, which,
 ‘ from a Virtuous, Life, begins to
 ‘ lead us, by a happy Resurrection,
 ‘ to

‘to a perfect Cure of all Distem-
 ‘pers of our Minds and Bodies, in
 ‘a Blessed State of Immortality
 ‘and Glory. And this is the Gene-
 ‘rous Aim, and Glorious Design of
 ‘True Self-love.

‘When we love our Body (t)
 ‘better than our Soul, our Love is
 ‘manifestly Vicious. It is not Rati-
 ‘onal, to love the worst part best:
 ‘Nor is it a well order’d Love, to
 ‘prefer the Temporal Satisfaction
 ‘of our Bodily Senses, before the
 ‘Eternal Joys of Heaven. Such a
 ‘false Self-lover as this, can never
 ‘be a true Servant of God. If ever
 ‘he pretends to serve him, ’tis only
 ‘as the *Indians* serve the Devil for
 ‘fear he should do them any harm.
 ‘He desires no other Good from
 ‘God, than that he will please not

B 5

‘to

(t) Mali æstimant principale in Sc-
 iphis naturam Sensitivam et corporalem
 — unde non recte cognoscentes Seip-
 sos, non vere diligunt seipsos. 2. 2. q.
 25. a. 7. cor.

' to torment him. He neither loves
 ' God for his own sake, nor his Soul
 ' for God's sake, nor his Body for
 ' his Soul's sake. If he has any Kind-
 ' ness for his Soul, whilst here, tis
 ' chiefly because he cannot live
 ' without it: And as for any Soul
 ' hereafter, he had rather have none
 ' at all; because he knows that,
 ' without a Soul, his Body cannot
 ' suffer, and only is in Danger of
 ' Suffering Everlasting Torments
 ' with it. He values not the Loss of
 ' Heaven: That's a thing that ne-
 ' ver troubles him. If God will on-
 ' ly allow him all his Pleasures here,
 ' and free him from Hell-fire here-
 ' after; he hopes for no other Re-
 ' ward; he desires no other Mercy
 ' at his hands.

This Character is utterly irre-
 concilable with our Duty, and in-
 consistent with our true Good.
 And yet, we are no sooner born,
 but we come into a very ill School,
 where the first Lesson we learn, is
False Self-love. We bring into the
 World

Chap. 5. *the Art of Love.* 35

World a most profound Ignorance ;
no Use, of *Reason* ; and very little,
of *Sense*. We neither know *what*
we are ; nor *whence* we come ; nor
whither we are to go. We look a-
bout us, and know not *where* we
are. We *see*, and *hear* ; we *tast*,
and *smell* ; and are as much con-
founded, as we are surpris'd, with
all this Novelty. The quickest
Sense we have, is that of *Pain* and
Pleasure ; which vex, and ease us,
by turns : We *love* the one, and
hate the other : And This is the
first part of our Lesson. We *feel*
Heat and Cold, Hunger and Thirst ;
and love our Nurse because she com-
monly finds ways and means to re-
lieve us. But it is not only these
real Wants which are the Cause
of our Uneasiness. Our Fancy in-
vents a thousand *imaginary* Necessi-
ties, which give us as much trou-
ble as the *real* ones. Each Toy, or
Bauble, which we see, must pre-
sently be ours ; or else we are not
contented. We experience, by de-
grees,

grees, how prevalent our Crying is; and therefore cry for every thing we have a mind to, and never rest till we have it. If any Body cross us, we are taught to seek Revenge, and to take pleasure in it: Our little hand which cannot yet do mischief of it Self, is taught to lend a blow to our Nurse, to beat that naughty body, who would not let us have our Humour. We are taught, to be as fond of those who please us, as we are averse to those who cross us. We are taught to delight in Finery and Bravery; and to be so very proud of it, as to love it dearly, in our Selves, and envy it mightily, in others. Our Nurse, our Parents, and all, that we call Friends, about us, are so very fond of pleasing us, that they teach us a very Scurvy Lesson, of being ever after too fond of pleasing our Selves: And after Seven years Apprenticeship to Sense and Humour, our Reason comes a little of the latest, to teach us better manners

and

and inform us of our Duty. Our Humour is the first Mistress we fall in love with: And, having been so many years in love with it, there's nothing but our utmost endeavours, and a Miracle of Grace, can wean us entirely from it. We are only *Little Children*, in the beginning: But afterwards, as we grow bigger, and more in years, it commonly happens, that we are so much Greater and so much Older *Children*, during the Remainder of our Life.

C H A P. VI.

The Original Corruption of Self-love.

'**T**He Folly (*u*) of our Pride,
'and the Injustice of Self-
'love, are the Original Diseases of
'our Nature, and the Common
'Roots of all our Immorality: And
'these the Heathen Philosophes ne-
'ver rightly understood, nor ever
'knew how to cure them. Their
'Morals generally lookt well e-
'nough.

(*u*) P. II. D. 2.

‘nough in the Face, but never were
‘found at Heart.

‘’Tis a wonderful thing that
‘Man, whose Reason is the best
‘thing he can brag of, should be
‘born with such unreasonable, such
‘unjust, and therefore Sinful, Inclinations. God, who is infinitely
‘Good and Just, could never first
‘make him Bad, and afterwards
‘punish him, because Himself had
‘made him so. If Man has Sinful Inclinations predominant in him, it
‘must be Man’s own fault : Either
‘the Man, or his Parents, must
‘have sinn’d ; for Sin, in God, there
‘is none. Nothing but the Reveal’d
‘Doctrine of Original Sin, can fairly
‘unriddle this Mystery. I never
‘yet met with that Philosopher
‘whose Reason, without Revelation
‘could give any tolerable Account
‘of it. We cannot actually
‘Sin, in our own Person, before
‘we are born. And yet, when first
‘we come into the World, we bring
‘such Weakness and Corruption
‘with

' with us, that before we are well
 ' able to discern the Guilt of Sin,
 ' we are as much in Love with it,
 ' as if we had been long acquainted
 ' with it. Our own Experience is
 ' enough to teach us that our Nature
 ' runs defiled and muddy from the
 ' very Fountain. We need no Re-
 ' velation to tell us the Matter of
 ' Fact ; but only to instruct us how
 ' it comes to pass. Our Nature is es-
 ' sentially Rational : And never-
 ' theless we are born with Inclina-
 ' tions directly opposite to the
 ' Fundamentals of all Right and
 ' Reason. There's nothing so per-
 ' versely Foolish and Unjust as Man
 ' is, while he blindly follows the
 ' instinct of his own Corrupted
 ' Nature. He is naturally Sociable :
 ' But, tho' he loves Society, he
 ' hates the Laws of it : And there-
 ' fore is neither Easy with it, nor
 ' without it. The Protection of it,
 ' is convenient ; but the Restraint
 ' is troublesome to him. He likes
 ' well enough that the Government
 should

' should bind his Neighbours to
 ' to their good Behaviour; but
 ' when the Restraint comes to his
 ' own door, he cannot brook it. If
 ' it were in his Power, he would
 ' not stick to make himself the Sole
 ' Sovereign Lord, and all the
 ' World his Slaves: And this is na-
 ' turally Unjust, because no Man
 ' can claim it as his Birth-right;
 ' and most perversely Foolish, be-
 ' cause all Men's Pretensions by Na-
 ' ture are the same, and 'tis noto-
 ' riously impossible for every single
 ' man to be the Sovereign Lord of
 ' all the rest. If Reason it Self be
 ' thus Corrupted; if it be so natu-
 ' rally Foolish, and Unjust; How can
 ' Man's natural Reason be, of it
 ' self, sufficient, to make him truly
 ' Just and Wise?

' There's nothing but the *Faith*
 ' and *Grace* of *Jesus Christ* can do
 ' the Work. (m) *All who are born*
 ' *of God*, who truly are his Chil-
 ' dren, who have the *Faith*, the
 ' *Grace*,

(m) 1. Jo. 5. 4.

Chap. 7. *the Art of Love.* 41

‘ Grace, and Spirit, of his Son, by
‘ which they truly call him *Father*,
‘ All these overcome the *World*.
‘ They overcome the Folly of its
‘ Pride, by Christian Humility :
‘ They overcome the Injustice of
‘ its Selfish Love, by raising their
‘ Heart above it: They overcome
‘ the whole Original Corruption
‘ of it, by loving themselves and
‘ Neighbours chiefly for this Reason,
‘ because they are made to his
‘ Image. By loving, in the first
‘ place, him, and in the second,
‘ what resembles him, they Hate
‘ and utterly Detest whatever hinders
‘ or defaces the Resemblance
‘ of him; they glory in subduing,
‘ punishing, and mortifying Proud
‘ Self-love, and take Delight in frequent
‘ Conquests, and repeated
‘ Triumphs over it.

C H A P. VII.

True Self-love.

‘ **T**Is only then (x) that our
‘ Self-love is True and Rational,
(x) P. II. Disc. 3.

' tional, when we love our Body
 ' for our Soul's sake, and our (y)
 ' Soul for God's sake. And this
 ' Self-love is always presuppos'd
 ' and really included in the Love
 ' of God for his own sake. Tis he
 ' alone who truly deserves to be
 ' lov'd upon his own account: And
 ' when we are truly sensible of it,
 ' then it is we truly love our Soul,
 ' not for its own sake, but for his.
 The chief Perfection of our Soul
 consists, in being capable of Seeing,
 Loving, and Enjoying God, and of
 ' being his intimate Friend, and
 ' Domestick Servant for ever. These
 ' are the Excellencies of our Soul,
 ' for which we love it, *in* God, and
 ' *for* him. We love it *for* him; that
 ' is, we love it, because tis fitted *for*
 ' the Enjoyment of him: And we
 ' love it *in* him; because 'tis only
 there

(y) Boni æstimant principale in
 Seipsis Rationalem Naturam — Un-
 de vere cognoscentes seipfos, vere se-
 ipfos diligunt. 2. 2. q. 25. a. 7. cor.

Chap. 7. *the Art of Love.* 43

‘ *there* that we can find its True
‘ and Everlasting Happiness. More-
‘ over, as we chiefly love our Soul,
‘ in reference to God, *for* whom
‘ alone it was Made, and *in* whom
‘ alone it is Happy; so we chiefly
‘ love our Body in reference to our
‘ Soul, as being fitted for the Use
‘ and Service of it; the Instrument
‘ of its Vertue on Earth, and Part-
‘ ner of its Eternal *Reward* in Hea-
‘ ven.

‘ Such a true Self-lover is a true
‘ Servant of God. He is not like a
‘ Slave who serves by Force, and
‘ not by Inclination. He has more
‘ than one Motive to serve his Ma-
‘ ster. He does not serve him *only*
‘ for *Fear* of *Stripes*; but *chiefly*, in
‘ *Hope* of the Eternal *Happiness*
‘ which he has promis’d him. When
‘ he thinks of his Master’s Justice
‘ (2) *who is able to destroy both Soul*
‘ *and Body in Hell*, the very Thought
‘ affrights him; because, as long as
‘ he lives, he never is quite out of
dan-

(2) *Mat. 10. 28.*

' danger. Nor is he to be blam'd
 ' for being a little afraid. His Fear
 ' is answerable to the Kind Design
 ' of those great Threats we read in
 ' Scripture ; it lessens the Force of
 ' his Temptations; and awakens
 ' him into a wise, a steddy, and
 ' lasting Resolution of endeavour-
 ' all he can to avoid so sad a Con-
 ' sequence. But still his Fear is grea-
 ' ter for his Soul, than for his Body;
 ' 1. Because he loves his Soul a great
 ' deal better ; 2 Because the Spiritu-
 ' al Pains, which are peculiar to
 ' the Soul, are far more piercing
 ' than any Sensible Torment, which
 ' is common to it with the Body.
 ' As much as Heavenly Joys exceed
 ' all Worldly Pleasures, so much
 ' the Loss of Heaven exceeds all
 ' Pain of Sense. And therefore the
 ' Thought of Losing God, who is
 ' (a) the Exceeding Great Reward
 ' of all his Labours, and the Crown
 ' of all his Hopes, is much more
 ' Terrible to any True Self-lover,
 ' than all the Fire of Hell.

(a) *Gen. 15. 1.*

Our

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Our Moral Philosophers have thought it worth their pains to prove, that a *Good Man* is a *True Friend* to his Soul. (b) And to make the proof more plain; they compute no less than five things, which belong to *True Friendship*.

1. To love the *Person*, the *Being*, the *Life*, of a Friend.

2. To love his *Health*, and all those other *Goods* which may contribute to his *Well-being* or *Welfare*.

3. To *Do* what lies in our power, to *procure* his *Good*, as often as occasion serves.

4. To *Delight* in his *Conversation*.

5. To *Agree* with him, so as to *Partake* of all his *Joy* and *Grief*.
Tis thus a *Good Man* loves his Soul.
For,

1. He dearly loves the *Life* of his Soul; the *Life* of *Grace*, by which it *moves* and *acts* according to *Right Reason* and the *Law* of
God :

(b) 2. 2. q. 25. a. 7. cor.

God: He never is at ease in mind, but when he probably supposes, he is in God's *Favour*; and tis the Joy of his Heart, to think he is so.

2. He therefore *loves* all *Virtues*, and all Gifts of *Grace*, which may be needful to preserve the *Health*, and save the *Life* of his Soul.

3. He endeavours by *Good Works* (c) to make his *Calling* and *Election* sure; and labours all he can, to improve those *Virtues*, and obtain those *Graces*, which are useful for this purpose.

4. He *delights* in nothing more, than in *Conversing* with his Soul; he retires, as much as may be, from his *Worldly Business*; and calls home his *Thoughts*, to entertain himself with better things; he withdraws himself, as it were, into the *Closet* of his Heart, where his best *Treasure* is, and spends his most delicious hours in admiration of the *Dangers* he has scap'd, the great and unexpected *Favours* he has here-
tofore

(c) 2. Pet. 1. 10.

Chap. 7. *the Art of Love.* 47

tofore receiv'd, the greater Blessings which he now enjoys, and the greatest of All which he expects hereafter.

5. He applies himself to Reading, Prayer, and Meditation; he takes pleasure in discoursing, reasoning, and debating, the Affairs of his dear Soul; and whatsoever he discovers, either *good* or *evil* in it, he is always a sincere and friendly *Partner* of its *Joy* and *Grief*.

How happy they are, who thus truly love themselves! and how Few there are, who are thus truly Happy! How many are there, who live as if they verily believ'd, they neither have a *Soul* in their *Body*, nor a *God* in the *World*! When they are young, they do not very well know; and when they grow older, they do not very much *care*; whether they have a Soul, or no.

CHAP.

C H A P. VIII.

Love of God.

‘ I would have been (d) an unpardonable Presumption in us, to have guess’d that such Creatures, as we, are capable of any *Friendship* betwixt God and Us; unless himself had taught us the Secret of it. He tells his Apostles (e) that they are not only his *Servants*, but his *Friends*; and by the word of God himself we are assur’d, that (f) he loves Those that love him. And what is this, but *Mutual Love*, which we call *Friendship*?

‘ There are two ways of loving God; 1. as he is Good in himself; 2. as he is Good to us. The

Second

(d) P. 11. D. 3. (e) Jo. 13. 14. 15. (f) Prov. 8. 17.

8 Chap. 8. *the Art of Love.* 49

‘Second Notion is (g) inseparable
‘from the first: And if we could
‘continue to separate them in Con-
‘ceit, and represent to our Mind
‘his infinite Goodness *in himself*,
‘without any the least Hope or
‘Possibility of his being Good to
‘us, we might *admire*, but we could
‘never (h) *love* him. Whatsoever
C is

(g) Cum in Deo sit *idem* ejus *Substan-*
tia et *bonum commune*—quicumque vi-
det eum per *essentiam*, *impossibile est*
quin diligat ipsum. Sed illi qui non vi-
dent *essentiam* ejus, cognoscunt eum
per aliquos *peculiares effectus*, qui in-
terdum eorum voluntati contrarian-
tur. Et sic, hoc modo dicuntur odio
habere Deum; cum tamen *in quantum*
est *bonum commune*, unumquodque na-
turaliter diligat plus Deum quam se-
ipsum. 1. p. q. 60. a. 5. ad 5.

(h) Unumquodque diligit aliquid in
quantum est bonum *sibi*——si ly (in
quantum) dicat *finem*, sic falsum est:
Non enim [Angelus] diligit natura-
liter Deum propter bonum suum, sed
propter ipsum Deum; si vero dicat
rationem

' is Good in it self, and is not so to
 ' us, is the same to us as if 'twere
 ' good for nothing. No Good is
 ' Ours, but what is Good to us: And
 ' if it be not apprehended and sup-
 ' pos'd to be our Good, it cannot
 ' be the Object of our Love. If God
 ' himself were not our Lord and
 ' Master, if he had no Power over
 ' us, we should have no reason to
 ' fear him: And again, if we ima-
 ' gine, that he neither is our Friend
 ' nor Benefactor, that he has no
 ' Kindness for us, and that he ne-
 ' ver did us any good, nor ever in-
 ' tends to do it, we should not
 ' have, in view, any reason at all
 ' to love him.

' God, who has made us Reaso-
 ' sonable Creatures, do's not o-
 blige

*rationem amoris ex parte amantis; sic
 verum est: Non enim esset in natura
 alicujus quod amaret Deum, nisi ex
 eo quod unumquodque dependet a bono,
 quod est Deus. ib. ad 2. See B. Sales.
 Divine Love. b. 10. c. 10. n. 7.*

‘ blige us to love him without rea-
 ‘ son. He is in himself, the Supreme
 ‘ Rule of all Reason, and therefore
 ‘ cannot possibly command a thing
 ‘ that is unreasonable. The two
 ‘ great Reasons, why we are o-
 ‘ blig’d to love him, are, because
 ‘ he is our Greatest Benefactor, and
 ‘ our Greatest Friend: And these
 ‘ two Reasons lay fast hold on us,
 ‘ and deeply engage our Hearts, be-
 ‘ cause they are profoundly rooted
 ‘ in Self-love, by which we can-
 ‘ not truly love our Selves, unless
 ‘ we love so great a Benefactor,
 ‘ and so great a Friend.

‘ I. We love him as our Greatest
 ‘ Benefactor. All our *Happiness* is
 ‘ his free Gift: We never can be
 ‘ *truly Happy*, unless he pleases to
 ‘ make us so. This Reason is the
 ‘ first that moves us, and engages us,
 ‘ to love him: And thus it is, that
 ‘ true Self-love begins to fulfil the
 ‘ *First and Great Commandment*, by
 ‘ weaning us from the Deceits of
 C 2 ‘ this

‘this *World*, and making us love
‘the *Maker* of it, above all things
‘in it.

‘2. We love him also, as our Great-
‘est Friend. And this is not only the
‘more Perfect, but the more En-
‘dearing Motive of the two. Tis
‘the more Perfect, because it re-
‘gards the Giver more than the
‘Gift; And the Person of the Be-
‘nefactor, more than any other
‘thing which he is able to bestow
‘upon us. Tis also the more En-
‘dearing Motive; because a Bene-
‘fit conferr’d at Random, and Scat-
‘ter’d, as it were, by Chance, Ne-
‘cessity, or Humour, loses the best
‘part of its value; and is not half
‘so obliging, as when it is bestow’d
‘on purpose, with a kind Design,
‘and out of a true Love towards
‘us. A Benefit, under these cir-
‘cumstances, obliges us to be doub-
‘ly Grateful; not only for the
‘Gift it self, but much more for the
‘Love that gives it.

‘These

‘ These are the two sorts of Di-
 ‘ vine Love; The first is call’d *De-*
 ‘ *sire* or *Hope*; the Second is *Chari-*
 ‘ *ty* or *Friendship*: And the first pre-
 ‘ pares us naturally for the Second,
 ‘ because ’tis always natural for Gra-
 ‘ titude to end in Friendship, when
 ‘ the *Benefactor* is our *Friend*; and
 ‘ he who loves us *gratis*, is every
 ‘ way deserving, and lovely beyond
 ‘ exception. But must we *forget* our
 ‘ Benefactor, that we may the bet-
 ‘ ter *remember* our Friend? Do’s
 ‘ the *Perfection* of Friendship o-
 ‘ blige us to slight the favours and
 ‘ assistances of a Friend, and to
 ‘ entertain them with a cold (i)
 ‘ Indifference, purely because we
 ‘ love him? Must we not value
 ‘ Heaven (k) more than Hell, nor
 ‘ Vertue (l) more than Vice, for
 ‘ fear of valuing God too little, and
 C 3 ‘ our

(i) Prop. 5. inter 23. (k) Prop. 6.

(l) Prop. 18.

‘our Selves too much? I do not
 ‘understand the Mystery of this
 ‘Romantick Love. And am very
 glad, the Doctrine of it has of late
 (m) been so severely censur’d.

‘You’ll say, perhaps, we do not
 ‘love a Friend for any Good that
 ‘he do’s us, or we do him. But I
 ‘am sure *Seneca* is of another mind.
 ‘He says (n) that *of all Felicities*
 ‘*the most charming is that of Friend-*
 ‘*ship*; it sweetens our Cares, dis-
 ‘pels our Sorrows, is an Antidote
 ‘against all Calamities. True
 ‘Friends are the whole World to
 ‘one another. From whence I in-
 ‘ferr,

(m) Propositiones, five in obvio earum verborum sensu, five attenta sententiarum connexione, temerarias, scandalosas, male sonantes, piarum auriura offensivas, in praxi perniciosas, ac etiam erroneas respectu, tenore præsentium damnamus et reprobamus
 — die 12. Mart. 1699. (n) *Sen. de Vit. Beat.*

Chap' 8. *the Art of Love.* 55

'ferr, that either the *Whole World*
'is good for nothing, or else, that
'Friends are a mutual Good to one
'another. They are each of them
'Happy in the other: At least,
'each Party thinks so: And, if they
'do not think it, their Friendship is
'at an end. And this is always True,
'in *Humane* Friendship. In *Divine*,
'tis otherwise: Because the Good,
'the Advantage, the Happiness, is
'all on the Creature's side: God is
'not Happy in us; nor any way the
'better for us. He loves us, because
'he likes us. He likes us, because he
'made us like himself. In this sense,
'he loves us for his own sake; and,
'in the same sense, we love our
'Selves for his sake. But, alas! God
'do's not love us for any Good we
'do him; He loves us meerly for
'the Good which he himself has
'done us. We are the Work of his
'hands: He fitted us for himself,
'his Company, his Friendship:
'Therefore he loves us. And here
'it is we cannot imitate his Love.

' We cannot love him for any Good
 ' we do him: And yet, love him
 ' we must, for some Good, or other,
 ' or else we cannot love him at all.
 ' If we cannot love him for any
 ' Good of ours, by which we are
 ' Good to him; we must love him
 ' for that infinite Good (o) of *his*
 ' and *ours*, by which he is Good to
 ' *us*. And what is this, but Interest?
 ' Such Friendship as this, I can
 ' make a shift to understand. But
 ' when people begin to talk of lo-
 ' ving

(o) Deus in quantum est *bonum be-*
atificans universaliter omnes Superna-
turali beatitudine, diligitur dilectione
charitatis. 1. p. q. 60. a. 5. ad 4. Di-
 lectione charitatis tendit in Deum sicut
 in *principium beatitudinis*, in cuius *com-*
municatione Amicitia *charitatis* funda-
 tur. 2. 2. q. 26. a. 1. cor. Et ideo prin-
 cipaliter Deus est ex *charitate* diligen-
 dus: ipse enim diligitur ut *beatitudinis*
causa; proximus autem Sicut *beatitu-*
dinem ab eo simul nobiscum *participans*.
 ib. a. 2. cor. Item q. 23. a. 1. & 5. cor.
 Item q. 25. a. 3. 6. 10. & 12. cor.

Chap. 8. *the Art of Love.* 57

‘ving God so well, that, tho’ they
‘were sure to be damn’d for’t,
‘they would still love him as much
‘as ever ; it sounds in my Ears as
‘extravagantly, as if they should
‘tell me, they love him so much
‘because he is God, that, if he
‘were not God, they would not
‘love him less. I cannot think the
‘Flame is pure, when ’tis all Heat,
‘and no Light.

‘I own, with *Seneca*, that (p)
‘where there is any other *Invitati-*
‘on to Friendship, than the *Friend-*
‘ship it self, that Friendship will be
‘bought and sold ; and that a
‘Friendship of Interest can never last
‘longer than the Interest it self. All
‘this is very true. But there’s a
‘double Mistake in the Application
‘of it. For, 1. the Friendship of
‘God is our Eternal Intérest ; and
‘Eternity will be sure to last long
‘enough : 2. God’s Friendship is
‘undoubtedly our Greatest Inte-
‘rest ; and therefore there is no

C ;

‘Dan-

(p) *Sen. de vit. Beat.*

58 *An Essay upon* Chap. 9.
' Danger of any other Greater In-
' vitation to it.

C H A P. IX.

*Love of God above all things, even
above our Selves.*

WHen once we love our Body
for the sake of our Soul,
and our Soul for the sake of God,
it follows plainly enough, that we
love God *chiefly* for his own sake.
And, that these are three substan-
tial points of Christian Duty, suf-
ficiently appears, by what has been
already said, in the foregoing Chap-
ters. Moreover when thus we tru-
ly love our Immortal Soul, that is,
when we really love it more and
better than our mortal Body; tis
also very plain that we then love
Heaven more than Earth, Eterni-
ty more than time, and God *more*
than our Selves. Nor is it any
great Wonder, when we truly
love our Selves, that we prefer
our *Greater* Good before our *Less*.
Tis

Chap. 9. *the Art of Love.* 59

Tis clear, that Heaven and Eternity are a far greater Good to us, than Earth and Time: And 'tis as clear, if not a clearer Truth, that God is every way an infinitely greater Good to us, than we can be to our Selves.

But still there is some small appearance of a difficulty in the case. We do not so easily conceive, how it is possible, for a true Self-lover, to love a Friend *more* than himself. And our Moral Philosophers increase the difficulty, by telling us, that (*q*) Self-love is not properly Friendship, but something *more* than Friendship; because the *Unity* or *Sameness* (if I may so call it) of a Person with *himself*, is a stricter and faster Tie, than the *Union* or *Likeness* of one with another. A
Friend

(*q*) Amicitia proprie non habetur ad seipsum, sed aliquid *maius* amicitia: Quia Amicitia *Unionem* quandam importat——— Unicuique autem ad seipsum est *Unitas*, quæ est potior *Unionem* ad alium. 2. 2. q. 25. a. 4. cor.

Friend indeed may be so very *like* us, in his Interest, his Humour, his Affection, or his Principles, that we may look upon him as our *Second Self*, and have a Friendship for him as long as he seems *like* us, and *united* to us ; But still this *Like* is not the *Same* ; This *Union* is inferiour to *Unity* ; 'tis nothing but *Self-love* at second hand, or a bare Extension of it, which often breaks with Stretching.

How true this is, we may easily observe, if we please to reflect, how jealous we often are, even of our best Friends ; how narrowly we watch their Motions ; how small a matter causes great Suspicions, either of their loving *us*, a little *less* than we love them, or of their loving some *other* Person per-adventure *more* than they love us. The least Surmises of this Nature, if they are not presently remov'd, not only endanger Friendship, but so very frequently destroy it, that of all
the

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the Wonders in the World it is perhaps the least, to hear of dear Friends falling out, and being bitter Enemies. But yet, in my life, I never heard of any man that fell quite out with himself. He may possibly have been Angry at his own dear Self; and, in a sudden fit, he may have done himself some mischief: But (if he did not kill himself upon the Spot) the fit was soon over and the Man and Himself were as good Friends as ever. Which seems to me a very sensible proof, that it is not natural for any man to love his best Friend more than himself: Since, with his Friend, we often see him quite fall out; but, with himself, never.

In answer to this, I easily allow, that a *False Self-lover*, who loves his *Body* more than his *Soul*, loves nothing *more* than himself. He easily falls out with his God, and his true Good; altho' he cannot (till he *truly* loves himself) ever find in
his

his heart, to fall out with his *falsely* admired and *really* mistaken Self. He makes no difference betwixt God and his Creatures, unless it be that he loves them more than their Creator. He has no Friendship either for the one or the other, any further than they comply with his Interest or Humour. If they cross him in either, 'tis a sure Farewel to Friendship. He seats his own dear Self upon the Throne of Love; and from thence he expects the Homage of all, who pretend to any share in his Favour. The nearer they sute with his Temper, and the more they concur with his Desires, the more he likes and loves them, as being more united to himself; and therefore conferrs upon them the honour of being, his *first* or *second*, his *third* or *fourth*, or *what Rate* Favourites he pleases, according to the capricious Fancy he happens to have of their Merit. If God obliges him with Health and Wealth, and lets him run on freely in

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in the full Carreer of all his Humours, possibly he may not quite forget the Hand from whence his Ease and Plenty come, and may perhaps sometimes, in a kind Fit, return him some small Thanks, and reckon him amongst the Number of his Friends. But as it is a very imperfect, so it is a very short-liv'd, Friendship; And the First Misfortune is enough to put an End to it. Nor is it to be admir'd, that a Man, who loves his Body more than his Soul, should love Earth more than Heaven, and Himself more than God.

But it is not so, with a *True Self-lover*. He never falls out with his God, no more than with his own dear *Soul*, which is (r) his own True Self. He has a True *Knowledge* of what he *is*, and therefore a *True Love* of it. He knows for certain, that God's infinite *Being* and his no less infinite *Goodness*, are not only the First Cause, and the Last End, but also the Original Model

(r) 2. 2. q. 25. a. 7. cor.

Model of all our *Being*, all our true and real *Good*. He knows that all the true Perfections of our *Being* and our *Happiness* consist in *This*, that we are made, not only *by* him, and *for* him, but also *according to* his Image, that so we may, to the utmost Bounds of our Capacity, not only *be*, but also *be Happy*, like him. And therefore he concludes that our Self-love is always false; 1. when it begins from our Self, as the First Cause; 2. when it aims at our Self, as the Last End; and 3. when we seek for any other final Happiness than *His*, who made us to be ever happy Partners of it.

Upon these accounts, 1. He begins his Love, not from himself, but from the First Beginning of his Being, which is God alone. 2. He loves himself in reference to God, the Last End of his Being; and where his Being ends, his Love ends with it: He does not pervert the Order of Nature and Right Reason, by loving God, as a False Self-

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Self-lover do's, in reference to himself: 3. He considers that, as there is no *Being* so *Great* and *Good* as *God's*, so likewise there can be no *Happiness* so great and good as *his*. He finds that, as it is impossible for him to *be*, without partaking of *God's Being*, so 'tis every jot as impossible to *be* truly *happy*, without participation of *his Happiness*. His *Being* he has already; and thanks God for it. His *True Happiness* he expects hereafter; and thanks him a great deal more for the *Hope* he has of it. He searches into the first grounds, of this *Hope*; and examines how he comes to be in any *Capacity* of it. He *Surveys* the two main *Parts* of his *Being*; his *Body* and his *Soul*: Of these, he loves the better best: And, of all *Perfections* of his *Soul*, he loves those most, which make him fittest for the enjoyment of his *Greatest Good*, which he knows very well is nothing but *God himself*. The more he admires and loves his *God*,
the

the more he is enamour'd and transported with those lovely Faculties and Powers of his Soul, by which he is enabled to *see* him, *Love* him, *enjoy* him, and be ever Happy with him. Whence it plainly appears that, as his Love of himself is the (s) Measure of loving his Neighbour, so his Love of God is the (t) Measure of loving himself; And therefore, by the very same Rule, that he loves himself more than his Neighbour, he loves God *more* than himself.

The

(s) Sicut unitas est principium unionis, ita amor quo quis diligit Seipsum est forma et radix amicitiae. In hoc enim amicitiam habemus ad alios, quod ad eos nos habemus sicut ad nos ipsos. 2. 2. q. 25. a. 4. cor. (t) Charitas, secundum propriam rationem ipsius, est Amicitia hominis ad Deum *principaliter*, et *ex consequenti* ad ea quae sunt Dei— Et sic inter caetera, quae ex charitate diligit, quasi ad Deum pertinentia, etiam *seipsum* ex charitate diligit. *ibid.*

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The Common Maxim, that *Unity* is a faster Tie than *Union*, is very well applied to *Fellow-creatures*, who in their Nature are upon equal terms, being equally independent on each other, as to the main matter of their *Being*. Their mutual Dependency is only in regard of some accessory Good, belonging (as they suppose) to their *Welfare*: And their Agreement, in the common pursuit or enjoyment of this, being Voluntary on either side, 'tis no wonder that their *Union* plays at fast and loose, and changes with their Humour. Being all of them upon the same level, each upon their own bottom (*u*) tis very natural for every one to shift as he can for himself, begin his Charity at home, and love himself *more* than another.

But

(*u*) In his quæ ex æquo dividuntur, unumquodque diligit naturaliter magis seipsum quam alium, in quantum est sibi magis unum quam alteri. 1. p. q. 60. a. 5. ad 1.

But the case is very different when we talk of *Amity* or *Friendship* betwixt *God* and *us*: Because the Terms are infinitely unequal as much as All to Nothing. The *Union* of *Affection* which unites us to *God*, and in which (w) consists the very *Essence* of all *Friendship* is not grounded upon a *Voluntary* Agreement in some additional *Good*, which is common to us with Him; but is profoundly rooted in a *Necessary* and *Essential* *Dependence* on him, which is Greater and more Intimate to our Nature, than our *Unity* with our *Self*, or with our own *Being*. Alas! What are we? What is all our *Being*? all our *Good*? Is it not supereminently *his*, and absolutely in his *Power*, before he graciously bestows it on us, and freely makes it *ours*? All we *have*, and All we *are*, is, every moment of our *Life*, as much *his* *Gift*, as when we first receiv'd it. Should he hold his *Giving* Hand,

(w) 1. 2. q. 28. a. 1. cor.

one single moment, we should vanish instantly, and All that we call *ours* would shrink immediatly to Nothing. Had we any thing, he did not give us, we might say it was more *ours* than *his*: But since he *always* gives us *All*, and cannot alienate his Power over his own Gifts, which always equally depend upon him, we must never cease to praise and thank his Goodness, and from the deep Abyss of our Original Nothing we must ever humbly acknowledge, that Whatsoever he graciously gives us leave to call *our own*, is much more *His* than *ours*; and that it is therefore, not only reasonable, but even (x) natural, for

(x) In illis quorum unum est tota ratio existendi et bonitatis alij; *magis* diligitur *naturaliter* tale alterum quam ipsum: sicut dictum est, quod unaquæque pars *naturaliter* diligit totum *plus* quam se. 1. p. q. 60. a. 5. ad 1. Si Angelus vel Homo *naturaliter* seipsum *plus* diligeret quam Deum, sequeretur quod

70 *An Essay upon* Chap. 9.
for all his Reasonable Creatures,
to love him *more and better* than
they love themselves.

If you still object, that *Nature*
always seeks it Self. I grant, it does
so; and, when it is mistaken, *seeks*
it self in the wrong place: But,
when 'tis right inform'd, it *chiefly*
seeks it Self in God, where it finds,
not only *All it has*, but also *All it*
wants, with *All* that it can *wish or*
desire. In *God* it finds the full and
perfect *Original* of all its *Being*, as
well as all its *Happiness*: In it *Self*,
it only finds a very imperfect *Co-*
py: And therefore, when it *truly*
loves it *Self*, it is not so (y) unna-
turally

quod *naturalis* dilectio esset perversa,
& quod non perficeretur per charita-
tem, sed destrueretur. *ib. cor.*

(y) *Unaquæque pars naturaliter* plus
amat bonum commune totius, quam
bonum particulare proprium — Et
ideo ex charitate *magis* debet homo
diligere Deum, qui est bonum commu-
ne omnium, quam seipsum. 2. 2. q. 26.
a. 3. cor.

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naturally Foolish and Perverse, as to
love the Copy in any Competition,
or Comparison, with the Original.

CHAP. X.

Disinterested Love of God.

Tis commonly said, that (2) *True Love is content with it Self alone, and bounds its desires and recompence within the limits of the Object it loves; it seeks for nothing out of it, nor desires any thing else.* And indeed a True Lover of God, may very well be contented with so large a *Recompence*: Tis as Great as God himself; and surely that cannot be too little. Such a Lover may very well *bound his desires within the limits of that unlimited Object*, which is his boundless *Recompence*: His Love has room enough to *expatiate in Delights of infinite Variety and Extent*; and, were it God's Will to allow him nothing more, his *Happiness* would be

(2) *Rodr. p. 1. tr. 3. c. 13.*

be already infinite, and therefore he might very reasonably be resign'd within the compass of it, and seek for nothing out of it, nor desire any thing else.

My God! I love Thee above all things, purely for the sake of thy own Self. No need of any Addition to thee, to make thee lovely above All, or to make me infinitely Happy in thee. Thou alone art the Last *End* of my Whole Being, and my Only Support in the *Way* to this End. Grant me only, in the *Way*, thy *Grace*, and in the *End*, thy *Self*; Tis all I ask; I wish no more.

If we wish for *more* than *This*; if we love God for the *good* which he can *do* us, by giving us any thing *else* but *This*; I own, our *Love* is not so pure and so *disinterested*, as it may be. But, if *This* be *all* we ask and wish for, 'tis a *Self-love* so refin'd, an *Interest* so exalted, that the *Purest* Love can never be allow'd to *exclude* it.

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What would you think of a *Pretender to Pure Love*, if you heard him make the following Professions of it?

1. My God! I love thee so *purely*, because thou art *thy own* infinite Good, that I do not (for my own sake) care one straw whether ever thou art *mine*, or no. I know, thy being *mine* is my chief *Interest*: But, because it is so, therefore I care not for it. I do not desire thy Gifts, even thy Greatest Gift by which thou givest me thy Self, because my (a) *Love is Pure*, without any mixture of an interested Motive.

2. My Love is now so *Pure*, I have no *interested Motive* left; I mean, no Motive either of *Hope* or *Fear*. I know, my Union with thee,
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is

(a) Datur habitualis status amoris Dei, qui est charitas pura, sine ulla admixtione motivi proprii interesse— Non amatur amplius Deus— propter felicitatem in eo amando invenientem. *Prop. 1. inter 23 damnatas.*

is my Greatest Good ; my Separation from thee, is my Greatest Evil : But, because I know *it is my Interest*, I therefore utterly abandon it; I neither *hope* to be United to thee, neither do I *fear* my being Separated from thee. (b)

3. I now am grown so *indifferent* to my own Eternal Concerns, that I neither desire *Perfection* here, nor *Happiness* hereafter, upon the Score of my *own Interest* ; but purely because *it is thy Holy Will and Pleasure*, that by the *impression* of thy *Grace* I should *desire* to be so *Perfect*, and so *Happy*. (c)

4.

(b) In statu vitæ contemplativæ, five unitivæ, amittitur omne motivum interessatum timoris et spei. *Prop. 2.*

(c) In statu sanctæ indifferentiæ nihil nobis, omnia Deo volumus. Nihil volumus ut simus perfecti et beati propter interesse proprium, sed omnem perfectionem ac beatitudinem volumus, in quantum Deo placet efficere ut velimus res istas impressione suæ gratiæ. *Prop. 5.*

4. As to my Self, I do not value *Heaven* more than *Hell*; the one, or the other, is equally welcome, equally indifferent, to me: The onely reason, why I desire my *Union* with thee, rather than my *Separation* from thee, is, because it is *thy Will* that, *for thy sake*, I should desire it. (d)

5. For my own part, I am equally inclin'd to *good* or *evil* deeds; nor do I value *Virtue* more than *Vice*: And because it is my *Interest* to be *Virtuous*, therefore I do not desire to be so; but believe I *never* am more *Virtuous*, than when I am no longer *Desirous* of it. (e)

D 2

6. My

(d) Nolumus amplius salutem, ut salutem propriam ——— ut nostrum interesse omnium maximum; sed eam volumus ——— ut rem quam ipse vult, et quam vult nos velle propter ipsum. Prop. 6. (e) ——— amor Zelotypus efficit, ne quis sibi virtutem velit, nec unquam sit adeo virtute præditus, quam cum virtuti amplius affixus non est. Prop. 18.

6. My *Love* of Thee, is my chief *Perfection*, my sole *Happiness*, my *Everlasting Interest*: I know it very well: But am so very *indifferent* in the matter, that (were I left to my own choice) I cannot say, whether I should *love* or *hate* thee: The only Motive which determines me to chuse *Love* rather than *Hatred*, is because it is *thy Will*, that I should *love* thee. (f)

7. Were I left entirely to my Self, I never should *detest* my Sins, upon the account of any harm they do me; neither should I ever *desire* thy *Pardon* of them, for the advantage of my own *Purification* or *Deliverance*, or for the sake of any good of *mine*, that would arise from thence. So free from *Interest* I am, in all my own concerns, that
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(f) — Anima passiva et disinteressata, nec ipsum amorem vult amplius, quatenus est sua perfectio, et sua felicitas, sed solum quatenus est id quod Deus a nobis vult. *Prop. 19.*

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the only Motive, why I do these things, is purely because it is *thy Will* that I *detest* my Sins, and beg thy *Pardon* for them. (g)

In these Seven Professions, of what they call *Pure Love*, you have a faithful Paraphrase of Seven condemn'd Propositions, without any aggravation, beyond the *obvious Sense*, and *natural consequences* of them And here I cannot but admire, that these Pretenders to *Pure Love* seem so uncharitably fallen out, even with their own *Eternal Interest*, that they are not able to endure the Sight of it, upon any Terms whatsoever. How comes it, that the very Interest, for which they were Created, should be, not

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only

(g) In confitendo debent animæ transformatæ sua peccata detestari, et condemnare se, et desiderare remissionem suorum peccatorum, non ut propriam purificationem, et liberationem, sed ut rem quam Deus vult, et vult nos velle propter suam gloriam. *Prop.*

only sunk so low in their opinion as to be despis'd, but also grown so odious and so horrid ugly in their sight, that even God himself, with all his Charms, which are essential to him, is not lovely enough to make amends for the appearance of it, but is less welcome to them, if he seems to bring their Interest along with him? If you wonder at it, only half so much as I do, you will easily have patience to consider with me, by what steps they advance, and how they come at last to this extravagance.

1. They begin with loving God incomparably more and better than themselves; and so far, they are in the right; because (*b*) *God's Goodness is incomparably Greater,*
as

(*b*) Quod aliquis velit frui Deo, pertinet ad amorem concupiscentiæ. Magis autem amamus Deum amore amicitiae, quia majus est in se bonum Dei, quam bonum quod participare possumus fruendo ipso. 2. 2. q. 26. a. 3. ad. 3.

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as he is Good *in himself*, than as he is Good *to us*. He is an infinite Ocean of *Goodness*; and thus it is that our Happiness is infinite, because we partake of one and the same Happiness with him. But still *our Share* is only like a drop to his Vast Ocean, which dilates, and fills, and overflows the utmost bounds of our Capacity. All this they know: And when they are full of admiration, in comparing his Immensity with their own Littleness, they shrink as it were into a little Corner of his Presence, where they are astonish'd at his Goodness who does not quite exclude them; But however, if they are wise, they do not offer to exclude themselves. S. *Austin*, I am sure, was Wiser than so; if it be true, what is reported of him. In his highest Extasy of Love, he was us'd to say; *Alas, Lord! if I were God, and thou wert Austin, I would change condition with thee, and would be Austin, that Thou mightst be God.*

Such Raptures as these, I confess, are not to be examin'd strictly, according to the rigid Rules of Logick: Lovers have a Dialect to themselves, which, to those that love, is plainer than any Logick can make it. Mean time, 'tis evident by these very words of his, that this Great Saint preferr'd *God's Good* before *his own*; and was better pleas'd to think of *God's* being God, than he could have been with a chimerical supposition of being *God* himself. But however, tho' he would not be *God*, because he would not rob God of his Happiness; yet he would still be *Austin*, because he would not be robb'd of his own.

2. They go on, by making a vast difference 'twixt *God* and *Heaven*, and betwixt the *Loss of God* and *Hell*. And tis very true; the difference is very great, even beyond comparision: Because, according to the Notions commonly receiv'd amongst

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mongst us, our Heaven is consider'd only as a place of Endless Happiness, where all our Wishes and Desires are gratified with an Equivalent of other, more pure Delights, refin'd, and Spiritual, and far surpassing all the pleasures of the World we leave behind us; and our *Hell* is look'd upon to be a place of Endless Torment, where our Senses will be punish'd with intolerable Pains, exceeding beyond expression all the Pleasures of our Sins. *We* do not so often consider, that *God* himself is the *Heaven of Heavens*, and that the *Loss of God* is the *Hell of Hells*. But the *Saints* had almost always these considerations in their Mind, in all those rapturous Sayings, which we find so frequently in Pious Authors. *My God! I love thee, for thy own dear Self, far more than for thy Heaven, which thou hast prepar'd for thy Servants. Tis not chiefly for thy Heaven, that I love thee;*

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Nor

82 *An Essay upon* Chap. 10.

Nor is it chiefly for thy Hell, that I serve thee. I could almost wish there were no other Heaven, than thy Self; no other Hell than the Loss of thee; that all the World might serve thee purely for no other Hope, than that of Having thee, and for no other Fear, than that of Losing thee. Nay, were it possible for my Soul to be United to thee, whilst my Body suffer'd all the Fire of Hell; or, if my Soul could be Eternally Separated from thy dearest Self, and at the same time feel, and relish, all the other Joys of Heaven; I would rather chuse to be in such a Hell, with thee, than in such a Heaven, without thee: Rather than be parted from thy Self, I would (i) quit this Heaven of thine, and run into Hell-fire.

One would think our *Purest Lovers* might be willing to stop here; since what has been already said, seems

(i) B. Sales. *Divine love.* b. 9. c. 4. n. 4.

seems to want some Apology for it. There are few who read such things, but are a little started at the first ; till they consider what abatements are suppos'd, and really intended, to be made. A man who is very much in love, and is desirous to express the utmost of his Passion, is naturally apt to talk, more like a Fool than a Philosopher : And yet the very non-sense of his words is more sincerely and more fully expressive, than all the studied phrases which a Wise Philosopher can think of. The Saints were very much in love with God : They were in love, even with the Pleasure of loving him, because it united them to him : This Pleasure was their Heaven upon Earth : They knew they could never love him too much, and therefore thought they could never say enough. Their meaning was always good ; it was always sincere and true ; and, when they address'd themselves to him, who knew their Hearts, they did not much study
their

their expressions, because they knew they spoke to one who could not mistake their meaning. And, when all is said, there's nothing I can find in this last Paragraph, but what may bear a very sober construction. It all amounts to no more, than what a Man of Sense must needs allow to be as reasonable, as to prefer the *greater* Good before the *less*, and the *lesser* Evil before the *greater*. God is a *greater* Good to us, than all the *other* Joys of *Heaven*: The *Loss* of God is a *greater* Evil to us, than all the *other* Pains of *Hell*: And the Saints, being thoroughly sensible of their *True Interest*, were easily determin'd in their choice. But if you still are tempted to believe, that the Saints went a little too far, you will joyn more easily with me in condemning the *Seraphick Non-sense* of those *Disinterested Lovers*, who are guilty of undertaking to go farther.

Their Vain Pretence of being free from *Interest*, not only puts
them

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them upon out-doing the Saints on
Earth, but even the Saints in *Hea-*
ven. Tis generally said, that (k)
the Blessed Saints in Heaven love
God after so sublime a manner, that
'tis more for God's sake, than for
their own, that they love the Felicity
they possess. They see him face to
face, and are so charm'd with such
a lovely Sight, that they find un-
speakably more pleasure in his *Hap-*
piness, than in *seeing* and *loving*
themselves, who now so evidently
appear as *nothing* in comparison of
him. They then see all things in him;
They see themselves, and see so
clearly their essential Dependency
on him, that they cannot rationally
love their own *Being*, without lo-
ving *his* much *more*, on whom their
own so absolutely and so entirely
depends. If a *Shadow* had Life and
Knowledge, it would love its *Sub-*
stance better than its *Self*.

But, tho' they love God *more*,
they do not *exclude* themselves.
They

(k) *Rodr. p. 1. tr. 3. c. 14.*

They also love *themselves*; and love *their Neighbour* as *themselves*; much *more* in Heaven, than they did before on Earth. Their *Faith* and *Hope* (1) are *vanish'd* away; but their *Charity* never fails: Tis now more perfect, and burns more bright than ever. We Mortals here below, have much ado to be attentive to more things than one at once: When we think of one thing, we often forget another; and therefore when we think of God, we may possibly forget our Selves. But this is no *Indifferency* of our *Heart*; 'tis only the *Inadvertency* of our *Mind*: And, altho' we are not *remember'd*, in an *Extasy* of *Love*, we are not *excluded* from it; we have still a warm place in our *Heart*, where, when we look, we never fail to find our Selves. The Saints in Heaven see distinctly, in one View, their Maker and themselves, the Creator, and his Creatures: They clearly see the Divine Original,

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nal, and the created Copies of it : They see how lovely the Original is in it self, and how lively the Copies are in their happy resemblance of it : All this the Blessed Saints see all at once, and cannot separate the one Love from the other. They are not afraid of mixing a *little Self-love* with a *greater Love of God* ; They do not exclude *all mixture (m) of an interested Motive* ; They do not think the Luster of their Glory is in danger of being tarnish'd with it. *Why* then should we renounce it, or endeavour to avoid the *impurity or imperfection* of it ? Will nothing serve our turn, on Earth, but being *purer and more perfect* than all the Saints in Heaven ?

Tis a great Pity, that these Pretenders to Purity take Love by the wrong handle. They love God's Will, in the first place, and God himself, in the Second : And then make a chimerical supposition, in
which

(m) Prop. 1. inter 23.

which they set *God* and his *Will* at variance; whereupon they enquire, which side we are to take. We *must* not love *God* against his *Will*. Neither *may* we love him, unless it be his *Will*. But these great Truths are very little to the purpose. It does not therefore follow, that his *Will* is the *chief* and *only* reason why we love him: And here lies their double mistake. For,

1. His *Will* is not the *only* reason: Because his *Goodness* deserves our Love, as much as his *Will* commands it.

2. His *Will* is not the *chief* reason: Because, of these two reasons, the first is the reason of the Second; it being evident, that the Reason, why his *Will* commands our Love, is, because his *Goodness* deserves it, and *our Good* requires it.

Alas! we do not *chiefly* and *only* love *God*, because we love his *Will*; but we love his *Will*, because we love *Him*, and all that is *His*. We love *Him*, in the first place; and
his

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his *Will*, in the Second. We first desire the *Union* of our Soul with *God*; and secondly, we desire to conform our *Will* to *his*, lest, by incurring his displeasure, we may forfeit our *Union* with *him*.

A man, who lops a Tree; and cuts down the whole bough on which he sits, must not wonder, if he falls to the ground. And he who separates all Interest from Friendship, and *excludes* that very *Interest*, which is the necessary Ground-work of it, must not think it strange, if his Love deceives him, and falls to nothing. 'Tis agreed upon, by our Moral Divines (*n*) that *Communication* is the *Ground-work* on which all *Friendship* is establish'd and *Union* is always the *End* at which it aims; and particularly, that the *Divine Friendship*, which
we

(*n*) 1. p. q. 60. a. 5. ad 4. *Item* 2. 2. q. 23. a. 1. & 5. cor. *Item* q. 25. a. 3. 6. 10. & 12. cor. *Item* q. 26. a. 1. & 2. cor.

we call *Charity*, is grounded upon *Communication* of that *Happiness*, which consists in the *Union* of our *Soul* with *God*. And is not this *Communication* and this *Union* a great and mighty *Good*? And whose *Good* is it, but *Ours*? Our *Friendship* therefore with *God*, is always grounded on our *Good*, our *Interest*: And to pretend to love *God* more purely, so as to exclude this *Interest*, or this *Good*, is as wild a thing, as if a man should take great care to have his *Legs* cut off, that he may stand the better on his *Feet*.

I cannot better conclude, than with the words of *B. Sales*. (o) If, by imagination of a thing impossible, there were an infinite *Goodness*, whereof we had no dependance at all, and with which we could have no kind of *Union*, or *Communication*; we should esteem it more than our *Selves*: But, properly speaking, we could

(o) *Divine Love*. b. 10. c. 10. n. 7.

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could not love it, because Love aims at Union; and much less could we have any Friendship towards it, because Friendship cannot be, unless it be mutual, having Communication for its Ground-work, and Union for its End. This I say, for certain Chimerical and Vain Wits, who, upon impertinent imaginations, entertain whimsical thoughts in their Mind, which are no small vexation to them. But, as for us; we plainly see we cannot be true Men, without having an inclination to Love God more than our selves; nor true Christians without practising this inclination. Let us therefore love him more than our selves who is to us more than All, and more than our selves; Amen, for true it is.

C H A P. XI.

Love of our Neighbour.

‘THE true Love (p) of our
‘ Neighbour is as Divine as
‘ the

(p) P. II. D. 3.

' the Love of God is. Tho' *the Com-*
 ' *mandments are two, (q) the Love is*
 ' *One and the Same*, which first be-
 ' gins from *God*, and then descends
 ' to *Us*, and so extends it self to our
 ' *Neighbours*. We love God above
 ' all things, because he is infinitely
 ' Good, and therefore infinitely de-
 ' serves it: The more we love him,
 ' the more we love our Selves, and
 ' chiefly our dear Souls, because by
 ' them we are made like him, capa-
 ' ble of Knowing, Loving, and En-
 ' joying him. And Lastly, because
 ' our Neighbours Souls are all of
 ' the same Make as ours, endow'd
 ' with the same lovely Faculties,
 ' and equally capable of the same
 ' Divine Happiness, therefore we
 ' love them for the sake of the same
 ' God, and for the self-same Mo-
 ' tives, as we love our Selves.

' When we love our Bodies bet-
 ' ter than our Souls, we love our
 ' Selves like Brutes: And, as Beasts

' of

(q) *S. Greg. Hom. 26. in Evang.*

of Prey are always quarreling and fighting who shall fare the best, even so this Brutish Love of ours creates a thousand Quarrels with our Neighbours. We cannot truly love them, whilst we do not truly love our Selves. Our Love is False at home; and how can it be True abroad? But when we love our Souls, as they deserve, incomparably better than our Bodies; then it is, we love our Selves like Men, and Christians. Our Love is then not only Humane, but Divine. The Subject, and the Object, of our Love, is Humane: But the Law which obliges us, the Grace which enables us, and the Motives which invite us to it, all these are Divine. We love our Selves, as lively Copies of the Divine Original: We look beyond the mean Capacities and Powers of these frail and mortal Bodies: We value infinitely more, what's infinitely better, our Spiritual and Immortal Souls, the Images of the
Eter:

‘ Eternal God, endow’d with a Capacity of knowing and Loving
 ‘ Possessing and Enjoying him for ever, even as he knows and loves, possesses and enjoys himself.

‘ These are the Excellencies
 ‘ which we are in love with, where-
 ‘ soe’er we meet them; and, because
 ‘ we never fail to find them, not only in our Selves, but in our Neighbours, in Bad as well as Good, in Enemies as well as Friends, therefore we always love them every one, and love them as our Selves.
 ‘ We (r) *Pray for those that persecute us, we do good to those that hate us, and endeavour to be perfect, even as our Father in Heaven is Perfect.* He loves himself; and, because he does so, he therefore loves to communicate his overflowing Fulness to his Creatures.
 ‘ We love him also; we should be ungrateful, if we did not; and because we love him, therefore we love in our selves the true Resem-

‘ blance

(r) *Mat. 5. 44, 48.*

blance of him. And the more we truly love our Selves, *in* him, and *for* him, the more we are inclin'd, upon the very same account, to love our Neighbour, as we love our Selves.

' The best Christian (s) is always the best Friend. He is the truest Friend, not only to Himself, but to his Neighbour. The World is strangely mistaken in the Notion of true Friendship, as well as in that of Self-love. We commonly think, a Man loves himself mightily, when he allows himself in all his Humours: But, alas! he only loves his Humour, and at the same time hates himself. He does not see it, and may be will not believe it, till he's damn'd for it: But then his Hatred shews it self too late; he hates and curses himself for ever. In the same manner we take him to be our best and faithfullest Friend, who is always most ready to comply with
us,

'us, and take our part in all things.
 'But this is a mistake, as great as the
 'other. If our Neighbours Humours
 'are any way unreasonable, a true
 'Friend may endeavour to moderate, but can never find in his heart
 'to approve them. Nay, tho' their
 'Humours are Lawful, yet if they
 'are not Expedient, 'tis an Argument
 'of true Kindness to deny one's
 'Neighbour, in all those Cases, in
 'which one would be glad to have
 'so much Virtue as to deny one's
 'Self.

'For my own part, if ever I have
 'need of a Friend, I only wish and
 'pray I may fall into the hands of
 'a Good Christian; a Friend of
 'God's own Making, Chusing, and
 'Appointing. Let him only be able
 'to assist me, I am very sure, the
 'better Christian he is, the better
 'Friend he'll shew himself: He'll
 'act by Nobler and Diviner Principles,
 'than all the Humane Ties
 'of Gratitude and Kindness: And
 'will be sure to do a great deal more

'for

‘for God’s sake, than any body
 ‘else will ever do for mine. I grant
 ‘there are but few of these; but
 ‘the fewer there are, the more’s
 ‘the pity: And I am very much
 ‘afraid, tis partly our own fault,
 ‘that the World is not good e-
 ‘nough to have more of them.

C H A P. XII.

Humane Friendship.

THE *Divine Friendship*, which
 I have here describ’d, so far
 excells all other, that the rest is
 hardly worth speaking of. I have
 heard much talk of *Humane Friend-*
ship; and so I have of the *Philoso-*
pher’s Stone: But never yet could
 find that either the one or the other
 has answer’d Expectation. When
 we are young, we hear a great ma-
 ny pretty Stories, which are so ve-
 ry pleasing, that we think ’tis pity
 but they should be true, till Expe-
 rience teaches us more Wit. Our
 high-flown Fancies represent Ro-

E

manticks

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mantick Friendship, as a Noble,
Generous, Disinterested Love, by
which we are enamour'd we know
not *how*, and expect we know not
what, and wrap up all our joys and
comforts in the single Satisfaction
of a Friend, whom we prefer be-
fore our Self without either *why*
or *wherefore*. But surely, since even
God himself do's not require our
Love, without a solid foundation,
and good reason for it, which re-
gard our True and Real Interest;
a wretched Creature must be very
vain to expect it, and as Foolish
to pretend it. And such, I pre-
sume, were those (t) *Chimerical*
Vain Wits, as B. Sales calls them,
who first were pleas'd with the
Romantick Notions of *Disinterested*
Friendship, and transferr'd them
afterwards, from Earth to Heaven,
to maintain their *Pure Disinterested*
Love.

But

(t) B. Sales. *Divine Love*. b. 10.
c. 10. n. 7.

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But is there no body in the World, who loves a Friend, without expecting any *Gain*, or desiring any *Pleasure*? I must confess, I do not easily believe There is. All Friendship is a Compound of *Loving* and being *Lov'd*; which are as different, as *Sowing* and *Reaping*. We hate a Rival because he undertakes to *reap* what we have *sown*: And if ever we find *pleasure* in the one, 'tis because we hope for *gain* in the other. Not that we have in view the Riches of a Friend: We scorn to aim so low: Our business is to *gain* the very Heart of him, and the first, and best, place in it: Here lies all our *Pleasure*; in the hopes of *Gaining*, and Enjoying, such a Conquest. All our great *Professions* of dear Friendship, are only the *laying out* of so much *Love* on the one side, to *purchase* as much *Love*, as we can on the other: And 'tis not likely, that any body ever yet desir'd to be a Loser by the Bargain.

We love to be *lov'd* by a Friend; we desire his Esteem, his Respect, his Compliance, his Readiness to serve us. Is all this chiefly for his sake? or for our own? Alas! there's little more, than a Selfish Humour, in it; which makes us love, so much, the Satisfaction which we find in having a Sure Friend.

The main reason, why we love to be *lov'd*, is because we love to be *humour'd*. Let our best Friend only dare to cross our Humour; and we shall soon find, that the more he crosses us, the less we love him. Hence it is, that nothing ruins Friendship sooner than too much Love, that is, too much Desire of being *lov'd*. It presently grows to such a Degree of Expectation and Exceptionfness, that the least Offence is now too great to be Venial. Every little Fault, or least Appearance of it, is a Mortal Sin against the Arbitrary Laws of an intolerable Friendship. And this is the true reason, why the Dearest Friends

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Friends are aptest to fall out :
Which is a Character, their Friend-
ship has no reason to be Proud of.

Tis a strange bewitching Fancy
which makes us so very fond of be-
ing lov'd. Do's it do us any real
Good? We know it do's not. But
yet it pleases us. And Why? We
have no good reason for it: 'Tis
only because we have a mind to it.
I cannot deny but that it is a migh-
ty pretty thing, to be admir'd, e-
steem'd, and lov'd, in preference to
others; and any one that will but
take the pains to look about him,
will soon discover what a bustle
many people make for nothing else
but this: But methinks they would
do very well to consider, what
this pretty thing is good for, be-
fore they are so fond of it; and
what it may be bad for, before
they venture upon it.

Tis remarkable, that *Aristotle*
would not decide the matter,
Whether *Friendship* be a *Virtue*,

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or no. He (*u*) neither says it, nor
denies it : And the reason is obvi-
ous enough ; because tis, of it self,
a thing indifferent, and may be ei-
ther vertuous or vicious, according
as we manage it. (*w*) *Resemblance*
of *Inclinations* is the great induce-
ment to Friendship ; and as those
are *good* or *bad*, our Friendship ;
is *so* too. There is a Fellowship in
Vice, as well as Virtue ; and the
first being more agreeable to our
corrupted Nature, is more temp-
ting to engage in Friendship, than
the last ; which nevertheless has
greater charms, incomparably greater
to those who view it, in its own
true light. All Moral Virtues are
so lovely in themselves, that their
very Presence, in us, is enough to
make us in love with them. And as
we love them dearly in our Selves,
we love them also in others, where-
foe'er we find them. For example :
A

(*u*) 2. 2. q. 23. a. 3. ad 1. (*w*) 1.
2. q. 27 a. 3. cor.

A Temperate Man has no need of any other Inclination to love his own, and his Neighbour's, Temperance: And the same is true, in any other Virtue. For which reason, the best Interpreter of *Aristotle* tells us, that (x) *Friendship* is not so much a *Virtue*, as a *Consequence* of it. He also adds, that the *Case* is not the same in *Charity*; because the *Principal* Motive of it, is the *Divine Goodness*, which being always truly good, 'tis no wonder that *Charity* is always *Virtuous*. But *Friendship* being chiefly grounded upon *Humane Virtue*, which is sometimes true and often false, it follows, that *Friendship* is oftner False than True. In a word, No *Friendship* can be True, without *Virtue*; (y) nor *Perfect*, without *Charity*. If *Charity* be the *Queen* of *Virtues*, *Friendship* only is their Hand maid, and has not her full

E 4

Pre-

(x) 2. 2. q. 23. a. 3. ad 1. (y) *ib.*
2. 7. cor.

Preferment till she is Maid of Honour to the Queen.

By this we may easily understand the Friendship of the Saints. They had all the Moral Virtues in an eminent degree, and Charity it self at the head of them, to command, and govern them all, and make them so many Steps to Heaven. They could not but love these Virtues in themselves, and *consequently* in their Neighbours, wherefoe'er they observ'd them. They could not so well discern them at a distance; but, where they were familiarly acquainted with their Fellow-Saints, they plainly saw the Virtues which they lov'd, and dearly lov'd the Virtues which they saw. With these they associated themselves (2) in a more tender and particular Friendship; they lov'd one another entirely, for the rare Virtues they observ'd in each other, they united themselves together, that they might encourage, help, and lead, one another,

(2) B. Sales. Introd. p. 3. c. 19.

ther, to a greater degree of Goodness; as they who go in rugged ways, hold one by the other, to walk the more securely; they had all of them the same pretensions to advance Virtue, and to apply all the Designs of their Life to Future Hopes; and being united in this One Design, as the Primitive Christians were, they had only One Heart, and One Soul. O God! How precious is this Friendship! Tis excellent, because it comes from God; excellent because it tends to God; excellent, because its very Knot is God; excellent, because it shall last eternally in God. O how good it is, to love upon Earth, as they love in Heaven; to learn to cherish one another in this World, as we shall do eternally in the next.

B. Sales, in the third part of his *Introduction*, has no less than six chapters upon this Subject. Would to God, his Thoughts were deeply imprinted in the Hearts of all that read him. He tells us, that the Love we owe to Parents, Kindred,

Benefactors, and others, is a sort of *Friendship* which must not be forsaken or neglected, it being an *Obligation* which *Nature* and *Duty* impose upon us. But This is not the *Particular Friendship*, which is the present matter before us, When we chuse a *Particular Friend*, he charges us (a) to make no other kind of *Friendship*, than This, which I have here describ'd in his own words. And, that we may beware of any other *Engagement*, he gives us the following marks to distinguish it,

1. *Worldly Friendship* (b) admires *Beauty, Behaviour, and other Sensual Qualities*; but *Holy Friendship* can commend nothing, but the *Power and Grace of God*, which is the *Only Foundation* upon which it *Subsists*.

2. *False Friendship* (c) breeds foolish complaints for want of Love; but

(a) ch. 19. n. 3. (b) ch. 20. n. 2.
(c) *ib.* n. 3.

but Holy Friendship has no complaints,
but when God is not lov'd.

3. Friendship grounded (d) upon
Sensual Pleasures of Beauty, or other
Vain Qualities, as Dancing well,
Playing well, Dressing well, Singing
well, &c. is unworthy the Name of
Friendship, and rather deserves the
name of Fondness.

4. In this Fondness, there are
Some (e) who have no other design,
than only to satiate their Hearts in
interchanging Love, and following
therein their Amorous inclinations:
Others suffer themselves to be carried
away into these Fondnesses, by Vanity:
Others are led away by Amorous in-
clinations, and by Vanity ioyntly:
These Amities are, all of them,
Wicked; not only because they some-
times end in Carnal Sin, but also
because they rob God, of that Love,
and consequently of that Heart, which
is due to him.

Hear

(d) ch. 17. n. 3, 4. (e) ch. 18. n.
3, 4.

Hear what another Author says, who perhaps has no less credit with you. (f) *When we seek to draw to our Selves the Esteem and Love of Men, we pervert that order which God has establisht, and do him an injury: Because we endeavour to replenish the Hearts of Creatures, with an Esteem of our Selves, which God has made, as Vessels, to be fill'd with nothing but his Honour and Praises. What is this, but to rob God of his Creatures Hearts, and in a manner drive him out of his own house? Can one commit a greater Evil than This?*

B. Sales goes on. (g) *O God! What Blindness is this? to hazard against such frivolous Stakes, the Principal Part of our Soul? Our God regards not Man, but for his Soul; nor the Soul, but for the Will; nor the Will, but for Love. Alas! We have in a manner, no love at all, in*
com.

(f) *Rodr. p. 1. tr. 3. ch. 2.* (g) *ch. 18. n. 7. 8.*

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comparison of what we need: I mean, we have not near enough, wherewith to love God; and yet, Wretches as we are, we lavish it out, and spend it Riotously, upon Vain and Frivolous things, as if we had to spare.

Ah! this Great God, who has reserv'd to himself only the Love of our Souls, in acknowledgment of our Creation, Conservation, and Redemption, will exact a most strict account of all these deductions we make thereof. And if he be to make so rigorous an Examination of idle words, What will he do, of idle, impertinent, foolish and pernicious Loves?

C H A P. XIII.

Love of our Duty.

FROM what has been already said, I may conclude, that the Whole Duty of Man is reduc'd to these three Loves, the Love of God, our Self, and our Neighbour. We never commit the least Sin, either in Thought,

Thought, Word, Deed, or Omission, but when one of these *four* is opposite, some way or other, to one of these *three*. And these three Loves (if I may call them Three) are Nothing but the *Love of God* above all things, who is the Sovereign Motive of all *True Self-love*, and of all the *True Love* of our *Neighbour*. Our Obligations, all of them, as we are *Men* and *Christians*, are only One *True-Love-Knot*, which ties us so strongly and so sweetly to our *Duty*, and lays such fast hold on us, that it is impossible for us, to have a *True Love* for our *Selves*, unless we truly love God and our Neighbour; the One, above all; the other, as our Self.

As nothing is more *lovely* than *True Love*, so nothing is more *lovely* than our *Duty*. There's no created Good more lovely, in the sight of God: And there is much more reason, why it should be lovely in our Sight, than his. It does him no Good at all: It cannot encrease his
Hap-

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Happiness: And yet he loves it above all other Excellencies of his Creatures, which to him are always lovely with it, and never lovely without it. On the other side, it does us all the Good that we can reasonably wish for here, and all that we are capable of hereafter; And what can more engage our Love, than This?

It not only crowns our Happiness, in the End, but sweetens all our Labours in the Way; and teaches us, by a most happy Experience, that as there neither is, nor can be, any Joy, without some Love; so there is no True Joy, nor can be any True Delight or Pleasure without this True Love, which comprehends, directs, and governs, the *Whole Duty* of a Christian.

I may also add, that as Love it Self is not more lovely than our Duty; so neither is *Beauty* it Self more beautiful. All the Charms of *Beauty*, What are they, but the *Order* and *Proportion* of each Part
which

which makes the *Whole* agreeable? This *Order* and *Proportion* are Essential to our *Duty*. She is no longer her Self, She is no more our *Duty*, if the least Part belonging to her, be *disproportion'd* or *disorder'd*. All our other Beauties have their Faults; But this is always *Perfect*, and never can be otherwise. She conforms our *Judgment* to the Word of *God*; resigns our *Will* to *his*; disposes all our *Inclinations* in due *Order* and *Proportion*; frees us from the Slavery of *Sense*; refines our *Reasonable* Faculties; wipes off the *Earth* that clings about our Souls; and never ceases to improve our *Nature*, but endeavours daily more and more to polish it, and make it a more pure and bright *Resemblance* of *Divinity* it self. The Divine *Perfection* is the True Model of ours. We are made to the *Image* of *God*. And since this Image, by Sin, is fallen as it were into the Dirt, the least thing we can do, is to take it up again with

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with all the speed we can; and the least respect we owe it, is to make it as clean as we are able. (b) *Be Perfect*, says our Saviour, *as your Father in Heaven is Perfect*. This is the *Perfection* which our *Duty* aims at: And 'tis our *Duty* to make this *Perfection* our Aim. God never had commanded it, had it not been his *Will* that we should *do* it. And, as we *daily* pray, *Thy Will be done*; so we must *daily* endeavour, as near as possibly we can, to *do* it *on Earth as it is done in Heaven*; For *thus* it is, we *daily* pray, it may *be done*.

This is the *Heavenly Beauty*, which is, or ought to be, the *Mistress* of our Heart: She is, not only the greatest *Beauty*, but the greatest *Fortune*, we can possibly pretend to, being Heiress of Heaven it self. We *daily* pray, we may be Happy in the Enjoyment of her.

Let us therefore make Love to her: Let us court her, upon all occasions,

(b) *Mat. 5. 48.*

casions, wheresoe'er we have the happiness to meet her; and make sincere Professions of our being only and entirely Hers: Let us transport our Selves with Admiration of her, and never be afraid of loving her with too much Passion: Our highest Flights of Fancy will never soar above her Merit: She will always answer our most high-flown Expectations, and reward our Service, with a Happiness incomparably greater than we are able to conceive.

A Man, who is thus in love, will never deliberately commit the least Offence against his *Duty*. Nothing, but her being sometimes in Disguise, can make him, by surprise, or ignorance, offend her: And these are always pardonable failings, in a True and Constant Lover.

Open my Eyes, O Lord, and help me, that I always may so clearly see and carefully observe the difference, betwixt the Importance of my *Duty* and the Folly of my

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my *Humour*, that the one may always easily comply and follow wheresoe'er the other leads, and that my Greatest Pleasure may be always found, in doing what I can to please thee in this World, that thou maist ever please me in the Next.

C H A P. XIV.

The Cause of Hatred.

H*Atred* is the first Effect of *Love*, which is no sooner born, but brings Hatred into the World with it. Nor is it strange, that some Effects begin as early as their Cause: On the contrary, tis a Truth as bright as the Sun. The Sun it self no sooner had its *Being*, but it brought its *Light* along with it: And we no sooner *love* any Good, but we *hate* the opposite Evil. These Two are never to be parted: Nature has made them inseparable. We cannot love *Light*, without hating *Darkness*; nor *Health*, without hating *Sickness*; nor

nor *Pleasure*, without hating *Pain*. Neither can we love *God*, without hating *Sin*; nor *Virtue* without hating *Vice*; nor our *Duty*, without hating our *Humour* which opposes it.

A Man that should, in good earnest, dispute Whether the Sun be the Cause of his own Light, or Light the Cause of the Sun; would shew himself no great Philosopher: And would betray his Ignorance as much, if he seriously call'd in Question, Whether *Love* be the Cause of Hatred, or *Hatred* the Cause of Love? The Case is so plain, that all Parties are agreed upon't; even Fools as well as Philosophers. The last will tell you that the chief reason, why they *hate* Ignorance, is because they *love* Knowledge: And the first will give their honest word for't, that the only reason why they *hate* an Empty Bottle, is because they *love* a Full one.

How

However, there's no Truth so clear, but something may be said against it. And tis objected here ;
 1. That Hatred is contrary to Love; and it do's not seem natural for one Contrary to be Cause of another:
 2. That Hatred often over powers Love; whereas it is not likely that the Effect should happen to be Stronger than the Cause; especially a Cause which seems, not only to create it, but conserve it. To this I answer,

1. No Person ever lov'd and hated the same thing at the same time; Because such Love and Hatred are directly Contrary, and cannot subsist together. But every one who loves Possession, hates to be Deprived of it: And every Man that loves a Mistress, do's not like a Rival, but hates the one, because he loves the other.

2. I grant, that Hatred often conquers Love; but this is only when it gets a Stronger Love to help it. When the Dearest Friends
 fall

fall out, they often prove the Greatest Enemies. The Bag of Secrets being once untied, they fly abroad and are the Jest and Entertainment of the Town: The Injury is now quite past Recovery, and the Fault is past all Pardon of a Friend; altho' a Christian must forgive it. They were laugh'd at formerly, for *Loving*, and now are laugh'd at ten times more, for *Hating* one another. In such a case, the Love of a Dear Friend is conquer'd and destroy'd by a violent Hatred of him. But then, this Hatred never had prevail'd against that Love, if (i) Self-love had not helpt it, and prov'd the Stronger Love of the two.

I have not yet describ'd the Character of *Hatred*. Neither am I in haste, to tell my Reader, What it is; Because I verily believe, whoe'er he is, he knows it as well as any man can tell him. This Passion is so common, and so well known

(i) 1. 2. q. 29. a. 3. ad 2.

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by Experience; that I do not think
possible to make it plainer, by
pretending to explain it. My pre-
sent Business only is to show, how
all our other Passions (k) first
proceed from *Love*; and how they
have no strength, no Life, no Mo-
tion, but what is entirely deriv'd
from thence. A Truth of great Im-
portance, which is little understood,
and less consider'd, by the Genera-
lity of Mankind.

C H A P. XV.

Desire and Aversion.

THE first Impressions of *Good*
and *Evil*, are *Love* and *Hatred*. Our first *Liking*, is *Love*:
Our first *Dislike*, is *Hatred*: And,
we like a thing so faintly, as to
have no mind to move one step, to
procure it; or dislike it so little, as
to have no inclination to stir one
foot, to avoid it; We love with-
out *Desire*, and hate without *Aver-*
sion.

(k) 1. 2. q. 28. a. 6, ad. 2.

sion. Our *Love* and *Hatred*, when they first find place in our Heart, are only Infant Passions of it; They begin to *live*, but do not yet begin to *move*. But when they once are grown to such a strength, that the one endeavours to *pursue* the Good it loves, the other to *avoid* the Evil it hates; our *Hatred* is then call'd *Aversion*; and our *Love* which now begins to be in (1) *Motion*, to obtain our *Absent Good*, is what we call *Desire*.

This therefore is one Difference betwixt *Desire* and *Love*. Our *Love*, consider'd singly in it self, has only an eye upon the *Goodness*, not upon the *Presence* or the *Absence* of its Object: *Love* (m) in both these Cases, is the same: 'Tis neither *Desire*, in the one; nor *Joy*, in the other. Here then lies the Difference: *Desire* is more than *Love*: 'Tis *Love* in *Motion*: And

(1) 1. 2. q. 30. a. 2 cor. (m) 1. 2. q. 28. a. 1. ad 1.

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its Distinctive Character is chiefly This; That it is (*n*) a Middle Passion betwixt *Love* and *Joy*; a *Motion* which begins from the one, and never ceases till it ends in the other.

Another Difference is; that *Love* (before it breeds *Desire*) is quiet, sweet, and gentle: But *Desire* is always active, uneasy, and restless. The one, is like a little Spark of Fire; the other, like a Flame which afterwards arises from it. And as a Spark which lies unactive, almost dead, and wholly buried under ashes, afterwards is much more sensible, when stirr'd and rous'd and blown up, into a Flame: So *Love*; which at the first is scarce perceiv'd, grows presently (*o*) more sensible, when real *Absence* joyn'd with seeming *Indigence*, begins to make us feel our *Want*, and seek for its Relief.

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A third

(*n*) 1. 2. q. 30. a. 2. con. (*o*) 1. 2° q. 29. a. 3. cor.

A third Difference is ; that *Love* consider'd simply in its own peculiar nature, is neither poor nor rich, it neither wants nor abounds, 'tis neither starv'd nor glutted, but contented moderately with it self: Whereas *Desire* is always poor, and sometimes almost starv'd with Want. I have already told you, that *Desire* is always in *Motion*, and always *Uneasy*: And now I tell you the Reason; Tis because it is always in *Want*. Nor can I give a better or more natural reason, Why a Man *desires* a thing, than because he thinks he *wants* it.

The like Differences we may observe betwixt *Aversion* and *Hatred*.

1. Our *Hatred*, in it self, has no regard to any other consideration of its Object, but barely the *Evil* of it. Whether it be *absent* or *present*, our *Hatred* is not concern'd or disturb'd about it: It neither *Grieves* at its *presence*; nor is *Averse*, either to its *continuance* when present, or to its *approach* when absent.

Averse

Aversion therefore is more than *Hatred*; 'Tis *Hatred in Motion*; 'Tis *Hatred* no longer able to endure the *approach* or the *continuance* of the *hated Evil*, and therefore hastening all it can to *avoid* it.

2. Our *Hatred* (before it grows into *Aversion*) is quiet, easie, and gentle; whereas, when once it comes to its full Growth, 'tis always active, uneasie, and restless. The *Evil*, which now we strongly *hate*, is either *approaching* towards us, or already *present* with us: In the first case, our *Aversion* to its *Presence* prompts us to prevent it; and in the Second, our *Aversion* to its *Continuance* inclines us to get rid of it.

3. As our *Love* and *Hatred* are proportion'd to each other, so are our *Aversion* and *Desire*. And altho' the first are always quiet, easie, and unactive, yet the last are ever moving uneasie, and in action, the one to attain the intended Good, the other to avoid the Evil opposite

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to it ; and both are always restless,
for the self-same reason, because
they are always in *Want* ; the one,
of the *End* ; the other, of the
Means to attain it. Hence it fol-
lows,

1. That the two Main Springs
which give immediate Life and Mo-
tion to all Industry and Action, are
Aversion and *Desire* : Which there-
fore chiefly are to be consider'd,
and regarded as the principal Foun-
dation of Morality. To (p) *De-*
cline from Evil, and Do Good, is
enough to make a Man a Saint.

2. That, as *Love* is the Cause
of *Hatred*, (q) so *Desire* is the
Cause of *Aversion*.

3. That *Love* and *Desire* are
Stronger Passions than *Hatred* and
Aversion : Because (r) *Declining*
from *Evil*, being the necessary
Means of *Tending* to the Attain-
ment of the opposite *Good* ; and
all

(p) Ps. 36. 28. (q) 1. 2. q. 41. a. 2.
ad 3. (r) 1. 2. q. 29. a. 3. cor.

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all the Inclinations of every Reasonable Nature being more *strongly* bent upon the *End* it self, than upon the *Usefulness* of the *Means* which derive their whole Value from it; we may lawfully conclude, that the *Love* and *Desire* which *tend* to the one, are Stronger than the *Hatred* and *Aversion* which *decline* from the other.

We must not therefore mistake the Psalmist, who first bids us *Decline from Evil, and then Do Good.* He do's not mean to make us believe, that our *Aversion* from the one, is the Cause of our *Desiring* the other; but only that our *Declining from Evil* must first be *practis'd*, altho' our *Doing Good* be first *intended*. For example: When a Man intends to build a House, he first resolves to lay a good Foundation; and Secondly, to dig up the loose Earth which would be otherwise a Hindrance to the laying of it. The former Design is undoubtedly the Cause of the latter: But

however, 'tis necessary that the latter be first *perform'd*, altho' the former was the first *resolv'd* upon. And 'tis for want of well observing this one Method, that there are so very few who lay a Good Foundation of a *Christian Life*. (s) *They begin to build*; but, as the Gospel says, *they are not able to finish*.

There are two sorts of *Desire* which govern all the World; the first a *Desire* of *Pleasing* our *Humour*; the second, a *Desire* of *Doing* our *Duty*. The first, is the Universal Cause of all our Moral Evil; The second, is the immediate Source of all our Moral Good. And the best Construction, we can put upon the Psalmist, is, that we ought to *Decline* from the first; by endeavouring daily to lessen it, that we may better *Follow* the second; and daily fortifie it, by continual endeavours to encrease it. Our *Humour* and our *Duty* are perpetual Antagonists: We never do amiss, but
when

when our Humour prevails over our Duty; nor ever do well, but when our Duty gets the better of our Humour. So that the whole *Art of Loving* as we ought, consists in a right Method of endeavouring, all we can, to *love* our Duty daily more and more, and to *love* our Humour daily less and less. And the Importance of this Method is evident: Because the more we *love* our Humour, the more we *desire* to follow it, and the more we are *averse* to any Duty which opposes it. Tis therefore our Wilful Fault, whenever this *Aversion* gets the better of our Duty: And our Fault consists in this: We wilfully refuse to apply our best endeavours towards the abating and diminishing the Power of an Enemy, whom by Experience we acknowledge to be oftentimes too Strong for us: In a word, we do not *decline* from our Humour, that we may do our Duty.

These *Desires*, as opposite as they are, agree in one general Motive: They both aim at Happiness. But, notwithstanding this Appearance of Agreement, there is a prodigious Difference betwixt them.

The *Desire* of *Doing* our *Duty*, leads us to our *True Happiness*: And this *Desire* is always, not only *Natural*, but also *Regular*, and *Reasonable*. Tis *Natural*, because 'tis grounded on a *Real Want* of that One Only *Happiness*, for which our *Nature* was design'd and fitted, in its first Creation: Tis *Regular*, because it follows an invariable *Rule*, which measures the just Value of all *Means*, as more or less Conducive to this Only *Necessary End*: And highly *Reasonable*, because the *Necessity* of this *End*, and the *Proportion* of these *Means*, are the *Eternal Rule* of all *Right Reason*.

On the other hand, When men are govern'd by a fond *Desire* of always *pleasing* their *Humour*, this
Desire

Desire is manifestly *Unnatural*, *Irregular*, and *Unreasonable*. Tis true; our Hunger and Thirst, our Weariness and Sleepiness, &c. are *Wants*, in some degree, *Real*; and the Necessities of Life and Health are, in most cases, a *Rule* which is not only *Natural* but also *Reasonable*: But then, we are to consider, that a Humoursom Man has little or no regard to these matters: He must have more Elbow-room than this: He cannot endure to have his *Humour* so strait lac'd, by such a strict Confinement to the narrow compass of what's Fit for *Nature*. He is not half so much in love with his *first* Nature, which he took for better or worse, as he is with a great Variety of *Second* Natures which Custom has adopted and endear'd to him: These are the Mistresses he serves; and to these he is a Slave. His *Natural* Desires are limited and bounded by *Convenience* and *Reason*: But his *Adopted* Desires, which *Fancy* and *Humour* have created,

without any *Real Want*, are boundless and unlimited, without regard to either *Reason* or *Convenience*.

Such people as these have no other Happiness than the present *Pleasing* of their *Humour*. A *Merry Life* and a *Short One*, is their Only Aim. *Their Mind, to them, a Kingdom is*; and the Only *Kingdom* they desire. A moderate Train of ordinary Pleasures, without mixture of any great Uneasiness is enough to make up a Happiness, with which, and with the hopes of mending it, they are commonly so well satisfied, that if it might always last, they would never think of looking any farther. A base, mean-spirited, ignoble Humour of a Sluggish Nature, which would never move unless it were to shake off some Uneasiness, and shift it self from one thing to another, till it meets with present Ease; which when it finds, it lazily lies down in Stupid Indolence, till even Rest it self begins to grow Un-

Uneasy. They cannot deny, but there may be, for ought they know, a State of Eternal Joys, incomparably surpassing all these Temporal Satisfactions: But as long as they are tolerably Easie here, they are pretty well contented with their present State, and do not much desire to change it for a future One which, they acknowledge, may be infinitely Better.

Neither is it any Wonder that our *Appetites* by Education and Custom are as many ways debauch'd as our *Palates*. One Man's meat is another's poison: The one loaths what the other likes: And where the one is apt to brag of being Happy, the other is as ready to complain of being Miserable. Every man is his own Taster, in the Choice of Happiness. He seldom considers, whether his Taste be deprav'd or no: But, such as it is, he judges for himself, and chuses according to his Relish.

Happy

Happy He, who only (t) relishes the things above, and not the things on the Earth! There's nothing truly Good, but God, whom by the Laws of Nature and of True Self-love we are bound to desire above all things, that (u) we may always have him; that he may be always Ours; and that he may for ever be our Sovereign Good. This is that Love (w) of Desire, in which Self-love is mixt, but Divine Love keeps the upper hand: Our own Interest has some place, but God the principal: We do not refer him to us, but us to him: We are not his End, his Pretention, his Perfection, but he is ours: He depends not on us, but we on him: So that, to love God, in quality of our Sovereign Good, is to love him with an honourable and respectful Love of Desire, by which we acknowledge him to be our Perfection, Repose and End, in the Fruition of which

(t) Col. 3. 2. (u) B. Sales. Divine Love. b. 2. c. 17. n. 2. (w) *ibid.* n. 3.

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which our Whole Felicity is placed.

This is that *Sovereign Desire* which ought to take up (*x*) all our Heart, and all our Soul, with all our Strength, and all our Mind, and leave no room for any other Desire to stand in Competition with it. This *Desire* no sooner is grown Master of our Heart, but it produces an *Aversion* proportion'd to it self; a *Sovereign Aversion* against any Pleasure that pretends to lead us any other way. 'Tis this *Desire*, continuing always in us, which is the *Daily and Continual Prayer* of our Heart: We never pray heartily, as we ought, but when we have this *Desire*. Our Lips pray, when we pronounce the words of Prayer: Our Mind prays also, when we attend to the Design of it: But our Heart never prays, unless we sincerely *desire* what we pretend to pray for.

CHAP.

(*x*) *Mat. 22. 37.*

C H A P. XVI.

Joy and Grief.

AFter all the pains here taken, to explain the difference betwixt *Desire* and *Love*, the Common Way of speaking do's not always observe it. We do not usually say, or think, We *love* a thing, unless we either *desire* it, or *delight* in it. *Desire* and *Joy* are only two sorts of overgrown *Love*; the one in *motion*, because it feels the *pain* of *Want*; the other at *rest*, because it feels the *pleasure* of *Possession*. In other cases, we *love*, and are not well aware of it; because the *Impression* is too weak, to cause a tender Sense either of *Pain* or *Pleasure*.

I am sure we never *love* our *Duty* as we ought, till we *desire* to do it, and *delight* in it. Tis the (y) best Rule to discern the real disposition of our Heart, and true condition

(y) 1. 2. q. 34. a. 4. cor.

tion of our present State. The End we aim at, is the Rule of all our Actions in pursuit of it; and the Chief End is the Principal Rule. If any man can tell me truly, What's his chief Delight; I can easily tell him, Whether he be Good or no. (2) He is certainly *Good*, if he chiefly delights in his *Duty*; and no less certainly *Bad*, if his Joy be chiefly plac'd in following his Unreasonable *Humour*.

The distinctive Character of Humane Nature, is our being *Rational*; and therefore no Delights are truly Natural to us, but such as are agreeable to *Reason*. All our other Pleasures are not suited to our true Nature, but only to the Corruption of it. For example: When we say, *Hot Water* naturally *Scalds*; *Hot Iron* naturally *burns*; it is not the true *Nature*, either of the *Water* or the *Iron*, to be so very *Hot*. When the one *Scalds*, and the other *burns*, both these Effects are

(2) *ibid.*

are very *Natural* to so much *Heat*; But then such *Heat* is far from being natural, either to *Iron* or *Water*. We may indeed, by Foolish practises and Brutish customs, make our selves far greater Fools and Brutes than ever *Nature* made us: And in such a case, 'tis very plain, Our brutish and foolish Pleasures, to which our *Humour* leads us, are not, in a strict sense, natural to us; but only (a) in as much as *Custom* is a *Second Nature*, wilfully and unjustly adopted by us in place of the first.

'Tis only by indulging these adopted Inclinations, that the *Pleasures* of our *Senses* are our greatest Favourites; whereas the genuine Pleasures of the *Mind*, are in themselves far greater, and more suitable to Reason. Those of *Sense* are commonly more Violent; (b) because, 1. we are more acquainted with

(a) 1. 2. q. 32. a. 2. ad 3. (b) 1. 2. q. 31. a. 5. cor.

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with them; 2. they make a greater alteration in our Animal Spirits; and 3. by removing a more sensible pain, they are more sensibly welcome to us. Those of the *Mind* are less admir'd, because it requires a long repeated custom, and a settled habit of Virtue, to be well acquainted with them; and without a free acquaintance (c) we are never like to be so much in love with them, as to relish the impression of them, and to feel either the pain of wanting, or the pleasure of enjoying them. Mean time the Advantage is entirely on their side: (d) because, 1. the Spiritual Objects of the Mind are in themselves more Valuable; 2. the Operations of the Understanding, by which they are attain'd, are much more Noble; and 3. the Possession of them is more intimate, more perfect, and more lasting.

In

(c) *ibid.* ad 1. (d) *ibid.* cor.

In the Pleasures of *Sense* (e) Desire encreases Delight, as Hunger causes Pleasure in Eating; and *Delight* continues our Desire, as long as the Pleasure of one Morsel is an invitation to another. The greater the *Hunger* is of *Desire*, the greater is the *Gluttony* of *Joy*, which the more greedily devours by piece-meal, what it cannot swallow at one gulp: But when our Appetite is overcharg'd, the Pleasure palls and sours upon our hands; We loath it now, as much as we lov'd it before. And such is the miserable Condition of all Sensual Pleasures. All our Bodily Powers and Faculties are limited to a certain Measure, which we never know, in *Speculation*, and very rarely happen to find, in *Practice*. The exact *Middle* betwixt *Wanting* and *Abounding*, if we could but hit it, would free us from the loathsome Nauseousness of the one, and the craving Uneasiness of the other.

But

(e) 1. 2. q. 33. a. 2. cor.

But such is the unhappy Constitution of our Violent Temper, that all these Pleasures, when moderate, are too insipid to satisfy us; and, when excessive, are too cloying to content us.

Tis not so (*f*) in the True Pleasures of the *Mind*. They are Sincere and pure: They are not stinted by any certain measure: The more we enjoy them, the more we may; because the more they please us, the more they improve us, and fit us for the Enjoyment of them. Our Intellectual Powers and Faculties are as boundless as our Appetites; and as they cannot be stinted, so neither can they be cloy'd. These Pleasures therefore never can exceed; but may be always greater, without ever being too great. Tis true, The *Application* of our Mind (in this imperfect State) depending very much upon the Body, wracks our Brain, consumes our Spirits, weakens us, and

wea-

(*f*) *ibid.*

wearies us, and forces us to interrupt the Satisfaction of them. But then tis only the Corruption entail'd upon our present Mortality, that bears the blame of all this fault: The true and proper Pleasures of the Immortal Soul are free from all the Imputation of it.

Whatever we delight in, 'tis always true, that our (g) *Love* is the principal cause of our *Delight*; because it is the principal cause of *Desire*, in the satisfaction of which our *Delight* chiefly consists. If we love a thing, with such indifference that, were it absent, we should not at all *desire* it; 'tis certain our *Love* is too little to afford us any *Joy* in its presence. Then, and only then, our *Love* is Strong enough to cause *Delight*, in presence of it, when the same degree of *Love* would suffice to create *Desire*, in its absence.

(g) 1. 2. q. 32. a. 6. cor.

Desire and Joy are the very Life
and Soul of Industry and Action.
How backward and untoward we
are, in things where we have no
Delight! How coldly we pray!
How carelessly we read! How un-
willingly we apply our selves to
our most important Duties! And
why? because being more delighted
with the present pleasures of this
World, than with the Hope of
Heaven, the Attention of our Mind
and Heart is drawn another way.
How careful we are of Meat, Drink,
Sleep, Diversion! And how readily
we follow where these Pleasures
lead us! Grant, O Lord, that we may
be *hunger* and *thirst* after Justice; that
it may be our *meat* and *drink* to
do thy Will; and that the chief Re-
freshment of our Souls may be thy
Self, who art our Only True Re-
pose in this World and the Next.
Grant, I beseech thee, that all the
little Comforts which thou kindly
allowest us in this miserable Life,
may never divert us from thee;
but

but enable us to serve thee, invite us to thee, and prepare us for thee.

I had almost forgot to take notice of another Difference betwixt the Pleasures of *Sense*, and of the *Mind*. Those always are confin'd within a narrow compass; being caus'd by an acceptable *Sensation* of some Good, which either *is*, or is *imagin'd* and suppos'd to be, truly and really *present*, in it self. These have a greater latitude, *(b)* and comprehend the pleasing objects which are really *past* or *future*, as well as others which really are present. The Psalmist tells us, that when *(i)* his Soul refus'd all other *comfort*, he remember'd God; he call'd him to *Mind*, and found *Delight* in the Thought of him. 'Twas enough that the pleasing *Thought* of God was present in his Mind; He found *Joy* in the present

(b) 1. 2. q. 32. a. 3. cor. *(i)* Ps. 76. 3.

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present *Memory* of his past Favours. Next to this, the present *Hope* of future Mercies is a much more powerful Charm, because the Blessings we expect in the next Life, are so much greater: And therefore the Apostle bids us every one (k) *Rejoice in Hope*. But the greatest Joy of all, is that of the Saints in Heaven, who already are in full Possession of God's Glorious Presence: And thus the Royal Prophet (h) in an Extasy of Joy cried out (l) *When once thy Glory appears, I shall be satiated, I shall be fully and eternally satisfied with it.*

The same in due proportion, may be said concerning the *Pain* of Sense, compar'd with the *Grief* or *Sorrow* of the *Mind*. The first is an unacceptable Sensation of some Evil, which either *is*, or is *imagin'd to be*, truly and really present: But the Second is often caus'd by the *Memory* of something past, or *Apprehension*

(k) *Rom.* 12. 12. (l) *Pf.* 16. 17.

bension of something future, as well as by the Impression of an Evil which is really present, in it self: Because past Evils may be present in some Effect remaining after them; and future ones may be present in some Cause foregoing them; by which both *past* and *future* being represented as present, are the proper Objects of our present Grief.

An expected Evil (m) causes Fear; There's nothing but a present Evil causes Grief. But then 'tis always requisite, not only that the Evil be some way or other present, but also that we perceive it is so; or else it cannot make us grieve. If any body thinks it worth objecting, that our Sorrow is as great for the Absence of Good; 'tis easily answer'd, that this is only true, when (n) the Absence of Good is apprehended as a present Evil: and then (o) altho' the desired Good be Absent, the Hindrance of it is Present.

(m) 1. 2. q. 36. a. 1. cor. (n) *ibid.* ad 1. (o) *ibid.* a. 2. ad 2.

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All depends entirely upon *Love*.
If we are much *in love* with any
Absent Good, it certainly follows,
that,

1. We *grieve* at its being Ab-
sent ;

2. We *desire* it may be Present ;

3. When we have our wish, we
delight in its Presence ;

4. The more we delight in it,
the more we *desire* its Continuance ;
and

5. The more we are *averse* to
the absent Evil which, if present,
would deprive us of it.

So likewise, if we bear much *ha-*
tred against any absent Evil,

1. We are *glad* it is far from us ;

2. We are *averse* to its ap-
proaching near us ;

3. When it seizes us, we *grieve*
at its presence ;

4. The more we grieve, the more
we are *averse* to its continuance ;
and,

5. The more we *desire* the absent
Good which, if present, would de-
liver us from it.

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In the first *Hypothesis*, there are two *Desires*; the one, a *Cause*; the other, an *Effect*, of *Delight*. In the Second, there are two *Aversions*; the one a Forerunner, the other a Follower, of *Grief*. And because *Aversion* is inseparable from *Desire*, as *Hatred* is from *Love*; tis therefore no wonder, that *Desire* and *Grief* have also the same priviledge of causing each other, by turns. The more a man *desires* an absent Good, the more he *grieves* at the want of it, and the more he feels the *grievous* Pain of wanting it, the more he *desires* to have it.

The Uneasiness of *Grief* (*p*) by which we feel the pain of wanting an *absent* Good, or suffering a *present* Evil, is a great Spur to *Desire*, tho' not the *chief* (much less the *only*) Motive of it.

1. It is not the *Only* Motive. Because altho' it be very true, that when we desire the *Presence* of an *absent*

absent Good, the *Uneasiness* of (q) *Grief for the Absence* of it makes our *Desire* more *vehement*: Yet when we desire the *Continuance* of a *present* Good, 'tis plain that our *Delight* in its *Presence* is the only *Motive* of desiring to continue it: For either there is no *Uneasiness* at all in our *Delight*; or, if there be, we do not like our *Pleasure* the better for't; it rather forbids us, than invites us, to prolong it. Besides there are two sorts of Good. Some (r) only are *Remedies of Pain*; as *Water*, to a man in *thirst*: And here the *Pleasure* ceases as soon as the *Thirst* is quenched. Such *Pleasures* as these, are no better than *Plaisters* to a *Sore*; And no body covets the *Delight* of wearing a *Plaister*, when all his *Sores* are cur'd. But there are other sorts of *Greater Good*, which do not only cure our *Nature* when 'tis *Sick*, but very much improve it when 'tis *Well*: And these are *Valuable up-*

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(q) *ibid.* (r) 1. 2. q. 35. 2. 5. cor.

on two accounts; not only for supplying the Poverty of our more pressing Want, but also for encreasing the Stock of our less necessary Plenty.

2. It never is the *Chief* Motive. Because a bare Exemption from the Uneasiness of Pain, can never be our True, much less our Chief, Happiness. We must indeed be first out of the Confines of Sorrow, before we can set footing in the Bounds of true and unmixt Joy: But still the bare Insensibility of Pain, is no more than the Felicity of a Stone; it never is any Part of Real *Happiness*, but only a Preliminary to it. (s) Good is Stronger than Evil; and our Desire of Pleasure has more Power over us, than our Aversion from Pain: because we love Good, purely for its own sake, and never hate Evil otherwise than for the sake of some Good, which it deprives us of.

But

(s) 1. 2. q. 35. a. 6. cor.

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But yet a less *Uneasiness* of Grief is usually more *Sensible*, than a greater *Pleasingsness* of Delight.

1. Because our *Love* which naturally *reposes* in *Fruition*, is more *awaken'd* with *Privation*; and being more *attentive* to the present Want, than it commonly is to a present Enjoyment, it causes in us a more *Sensible* impression of *Desire*: And,

2. Because one present Pain is enough to embitter all our present Pleasures; and therefore all the *Loves* we have, of all that is Agreeable or Pleasing to us, are now allarm'd and rous'd to seek their Preservation and Defence: Which makes the uneasy Disturbance, of a lesser Evil, more perceptible than the easie Satisfaction of a greater Good.

I do not here enquire into the particular *Causes* of Grief: They are as manifold, as the Crosses are,

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which

which thwart our Inclination or Humour. I only observe, that all the immediate Causes of it, always are the Effects of a Superior Power, which we *resist*, and cannot overcome. If (t) by a Voluntary Act of Resignation, we *submit* to Providence, with full Consent and cheerful Approbation of whatever is appointed by it; our Body may feel Pain, but our *Grief* of Mind is at an end, and gives free room for Joy to enter, and succeed in place of it. We daily say, *Thy will be done*; and if we said it as heartily, *on Earth*, as the Blessed Spirits do, *in Heaven*, We should never grieve at any thing that happens to us.

Of all our Passions, *Grief* lies heaviest upon our Spirits. It cloggs the Motion of them, even when we *hope* for some Relief; and, when we quite *despair*, it often stupifies both Mind and Body, so that we scarce know which way to turn
our

(t) 1. 2. q. 36. a. 4. cor.

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our Selves. Our other Passions (*u*) which imply a Tendency to some belov'd Object, help the Vital Motion of the Spirits; and do the Body no harm, unless they are sometimes too Violent. But all the Passions, which withdraw, and Shrink, and fain would run away, from what is disagreeable, are always, not only by the Violence of their Excess, but even by the proper Tendency of their Nature, directly opposite to the same Vital Motion, by burdening, oppressing, and in a manner locking up, the Spirits: As it happens in *Aversion*, and *Fear*, and most of all, in *Grief*, by which we feel a present Weight, more sensibly than we foresee a future one.

The *Remedies* we commonly rely upon, are much too weak to cure so Cruel a Disease. We turn our Selves to any Humane Comforts we

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(*u*) 1. 2. q. 37. a. 4. cor.

can meet with: And (*m*) as any, the least Repose, is some Relief to our Weariness, so any little Delight is some Allay to our Grief. (*x*) Complaints and Tears unlock the secret Dungeon of our Sorrow, and give it some little Vent. The Swelling Tide of our violent Humour, enjoys the Pleasure of its Liberty; and, tho' this Comfort be a Sad one, it seems better than none at all. A Condoling Friend (*y*) by being a Partaker of our Trouble, seems to be a Partner in the Bearing of our Burthen: But this, I fear, is only a Delusion of our Fancy; and cannot easily believe that the real Weight of our Affliction is much lessen'd by it. All the kind Expressions of our Friends, who cannot help us, are only an idle Profession of unprofitable Kindness which, if it be Sincere, may do them harm, but cannot do us any good. The

(*m*) 1. 2. q. 38. a. 1. cor. (*x*) *ibid.*
 (*y*) *ib.* a. 3. cor.

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The only Certain *Remedy* which never fails to moderate our Grief, is the *Love of God* above all things. It raises us above the World; it makes us despise it, as the Dirt under our Feet; it makes us scorn to let the least Affection of our Heart stick fast in any Mud of it. It contents it self with the only True and Everlasting Joy of a Good Conscience: And if any Accident, belonging to this miserable Earth, begins to give us any Trouble, the *Love of God* immediately checks the unruly Motion of our Mind; and turns our Thoughts to Heaven, where our Treasure and our Heart are fixt; and There we find our Cure. Have we lost a Friend on Earth? Our Best Friend is in Heaven: He is safe: We cannot be forc'd to lose him. All our Friends, all Pleasures, all Advantages, on Earth, are not worth one Straw, without him: And He, who is infinitely better than them All together, is entirely and every way as

Good to us *without* them All, as *with* them. There's nothing but the *Love of God* (2) which can *direct* our *Hearts* into the *Patience of Christ*: But when this Love has help'd us to o'ercome all Violent Desires of Worldly Satisfactions, we can easily endure, the worst of all such Losses, with a Christian Patience, because we are not so much concern'd for any Worldly Matter, as to be Impatient, or in any great Trouble, about it.

The *Grief*, which needs no Remedy, is that which is, it self, the Best of Remedies, I mean, the Grief of a Repenting Sinner. The more he grieves, he more sincerely repents, more heartily detests his past Offences, and more firmly purposes to mend the whole Remainder of his Life. Such Grief is always useful, and sometimes delightful to an Humble Penitent.

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Tis always *Useful*. Because all Grief has always (*a*) two effects, or motions: 1. It makes our Stomach rise against the present Evil; and altho this is vain and useless, because what now is present, cannot now be absent; yet, 2. It arms us with a Strong Desire to get well rid of it, that what is present now may be ever absent hereafter; and thus our Grief is always *Useful*, when we grieve, as it is fit we should, at what we ought to avoid; to wit, *Sin*, and the *Occasion* of it. Tis thus our Sorrow, for having offended heretofore, is very *Useful* to make us avoid the like Offences hereafter: And thus *S. Paul* was glad that the *Corinthians* were (*b*) sorry, so as to repent. And altho' the *Occasion* is not always Evil in it self, yet tis abundantly enough to make us hate it, be afflicted at it, and avoid it; when

(*a*) 1. 2. q. 39. 2, 3. cor. (*b*) 2. cor. 7. 9.

when Experience teaches us, it often is the Cause of Evil, and the worst of Evils, which is *Sin*. The usefulness of Sorrow, in such cases, must needs be very great; because it doubles the Motive of avoiding the Mischief which brings such Grief along with it; and makes us desire to escape it or prevent it, not only because it is, in it self, so great an Evil, but also because it is, to us, so great a Trouble. For, as we seek most eagerly what is our chief Delight, so we avoid most diligently what is our greatest Grief.

Such *Sorrow* is not only *Useful*, but sometimes *Delightful*; and this for two reasons: 1. When the Penitential Sorrow is (in a great measure) *past*, the greater it was, and the more it had effect upon the Amendment of our Lives, the more *Hope* we have of Pardon, and the greater is our *Joy* to think of it: 2. When the like Sorrow is *present*, if it be Sincere, and from the bottom of our Heart, for ha-
ving

Chap. 16. *the Art of Love.* 157

ving offended so Good a God, the very Thought of his incomparable Goodness is delightful to us : And when we reflect, that all our Grief is known to him whom we love best, and is a Motive of endearing his Love to us more and more, the Thought of this Advantage very much encreases our Delight. T was thus the Royal Prophet was delighted in his *Tears* ; they (c) were his *Bread day and night* : He knew, his *Tears* were known to him whom his Soul loved ; He knew, they would not fail to move his Mercy ; He knew, the more he griev'd for his Offences, the more he gain'd the Favour of his God : And this was the *Joy* of his Heart, the Refreshment, the Nourishment, and the Support, of his Afflicted Soul.

I have often reflected upon a remarkable Sentence in Scripture (d) *The Heart of the Wise is in the House of Mourning ; but the Heart of Fool's is in the House of Mirth.* He is certainly *Wise*, who *mourns*,

as

(c) *Pf. C. 41. 3.* (d) *Eccles. 7. 4.*

as he ought, for his Sins: And he is certainly a *Fool*, who does not.

But This is not All. A *House of Mourning* is the School of *Wisdom*, in which we learn the best and wisest of all Lessons, which is, to quarrel with the World, and fall quite out with it, and disengage our Hearts entirely from all the transitory things belonging to it. But a *House of Mirth* is the School of *Folly*, in which we learn to love the Follies of the World; and the more we love them, the greater Fools we are, because we willfully condemn our Selves to suffer a greater Grief at the Loss of them. Lose them we must: 'Tis unavoidable: We cannot possibly help it. There's no way left to hinder our grieving for them, but by never loving them. If we despise all things, which Death or Parliament can rob us of, We are Secure from Grief: But I know nothing else, that can preserve us from it. Whatsoever may, without our fault, be lost; and

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and *must* be lost, in spite of us ; can
never deserve such Love, as to make
us very *desirous* of it, or much *de-*
lighted in it. O that we were but
Wise enough, to despise all transi-
tory things as much as they de-
serve ; we never then should be so
Foolish as to grieve at any Loss of
them !

All Worldly *Desires* and *Joys*,
even when they are moderate, are
Diseases ; and when they exceed
the bounds of Moderation, they
are *Sins*. All Worldly *Grief* which
troubles and torments us, either is
a Useful Remedy of the one, or a
Just Punishment of the other ; I
mean, of the *Disease* or *Sin*, either
of our *Joys* or our *Desires*. Teach
me, O Lord, this necessary Lesson ;
to withdraw my Heart continually
more and more, from all Desires
and Joys, which either deserve to
be so sharply punish'd, or have need
of such a painful Cure. Forgive me,
O Lord, my Fault of seeking with
such eagerness the Comfort of thy
Crea-

Creatures, that I cannot be contented without them: Forgive my Folly and Ingratitude, who love thee still so little, as not to be fully contented with thy All-sufficient Self.

C H A P. XVII.

Hope and Despair.

HAVING already explain'd the first five Passions, which proceed from Love; the other five will easier be dispatcht. The chief Difference betwixt them is, that those are Peaceable, and these Warlike. The former are always Peaceable, because they never are in any Occasion of war; they meet no *Difficulty*, to disturb their Peace; they are Impressions made upon us by the Apprehension of some Good or Evil consider'd singly in it self, without any Hardship or Danger, to be undergone or ventur'd, in the Way to the Attainment of the one, or Conquest of the other.

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The later are of a Military Temper, and continually engag'd in Service of *Aversion* and *Desire*, which always begin their Motion from the influence of *Love*, and never rest but in the *Joy*, they aim at. If we always were so Fortunate, as to make a short smooth Step from *Love* to *Joy*; our Warlike Passions would be out of Season. Our *Desire*, to continue a present, or procure an absent Good, would find no Difficulty in the Way; either *Vincible*, to encourage our *Hope*; or *Invincible*, to make us *Despair*. Our *Aversion*, to the approach of absent, or continuance of present Evil, would not meet with *Danger*, to provoke our *Boldness*, or awake our *Fear*. And finally, there would be no place left for *Anger*, in the short smooth Way of Happy Love; because no rugged Opposition would be made, to injure the Pretensions of *Aversion* or *Desire*.

But

But our Love is very seldom so Happy. Our *Aversion* and *Desire* have commonly a long and tedious Journey to perform, 'twixt Love and Joy. The Way is oftentimes beset with great and mighty Difficulties, which quite alter the Case, and make a very different Impression on our Minds. In the Way to Good, our *Desire*, if the Opposition appear *vincible*, improves into *Hope*; but, if it seem *invincible*, it then degenerates into *Despair*. In the Way from Evil, when *Aversion* is upon the Wing, if the Opposition be so Terrible, that it seems almost impossible to be surmounted, our *Aversion* shrinks with *Fear*, and presently flies back, or yields; but, if it seems less Terrible, and not so very hard to be o'ercome, the same *Aversion* ventures boldly, and fights courageously against it. And lastly, if in either way, the Opposition seems *unjust*, it presently creates a violent Resentment, with a furious Desire of seeming
just

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just Revenge, which we call *Anger*.

The first of all our Military Passions is *Hope*. There's no man *Bold*, without hope of Conquest; nor *Angry*, without hope of Revenge. Both these are animated, and led on, by *Hope*. *Despair* indeed, will neither lead nor drive: It always proves a Coward at the approach of Battle. But even *Fear* it self, when *Hope* is prevalent, and drives it on by force, will fight; and bravely too. So great is the Encouragement of *Hope*.

Despair and *Hope* have the same Object, a *future* and *desired Good*: and only differ by their contrary Motions, the one advancing towards it, because altho' it be *hard*, 'tis very *possible* to attain it; the other withdrawing and retiring from it, because it is too *hard*, and seems *impossible*, to be obtain'd. The Object being a *future Good*, and *lovely*, enflames our *Desire*; being *hard* to come at, it rouses our Attention;

tention ; and being *possible*, it fortifies our Resolution : But being too *hard*, and seeming quite *impossible*, it damps our Spirits, breaks the heart of *Hope*, and sinks us into deep *Despair* ; which is not a meer Want of Hope, but a real Motion of our disappointed Appetite, retiring from the *Lovely* Object, which it *desires* as much as ever ; but *grieves* at the afflicting Thought, that this *Desire* now *must not*, nay *cannot*, be satisfied.

Hope and *Despair* (e) both *suppose* *Desire*, and cannot subsist without it ; For if we do not really *desire* a thing, we neither *hope* to have it, nor *despair* of having it. As our *Desire* is an Encrease of *Love*, by which it begins to *grieve* and be *uneasy* at the want of absent Good, and therefore *desires* to have it ; So our *Hope* is an Improvement of *Desire*, which do's not only languish at the Absence of a *Lovely* Good, but, tho' it be *hard* to come

at,

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at, will venture the undergoing that Hardship, rather than not come at it. *Desire* is an active *Love*; and *Hope* is an active *Desire*, that will not be dismay'd with *Difficulty*, as long as there is any possibility of overcoming it. And thus we plainly see that *Hope* and *Despair* are, in effect, two sorts of Strong *Desires*; which are, both of them willing and ready to suffer any *Hardship*, if it be to any purpose; the one advancing as far as *Possibility* gives leave; and the other never retiring upon the account of *Hardship*, but only when *Impossibility* it self forbids proceeding farther.

It may be here objected, that the *Impossibility* of a great Good is a great *Evil*; and therefore the proper Object of *Despair* is *Evil*, and not Good. And to this it may be answer'd, that altho' the *Effect* of *Impossibility* be *Evil*, as being a Privation of Good; yet the *Cause* of *Impossibility* (which is the Motive of *Despair*) is not always *Evil* in it self;

self; because it may sometimes happen (f) that even the excessive Disproportion of too Great a Good, may render it impossible to be attain'd. We need not go far, for an Instance. The Joys of Heaven are so Great a Good, and so extremely disproportion'd to our small Capacities, that, were we left to our own Natural Strength, the Attainment of them would be utterly *impossible*. And therefore,

Amongst the *Causes* of *Hope*, we must not omit the *Expectation* of a Powerful Friend's Assistance; especially when we have a very great *Confidence* in him, being firmly perswaded that He *is*, not only *able*, but also *ready*, to assist us.

Another *Cause*, which no body has reason to be proud of, is meer *Ignorance*, or wilful *Blindness*; which hides the Greatness of the *Difficulty* from us, and betrays us into a Vain Hope, without good Reason

(f) 1. 2. q. 40. a. 4. ad 2.

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Reason for it. Of this we have a Terrible Instance, which we see too plainly in all those Tepid Christians who will not understand the *Danger* of Delay'd Amendment, and the almost insuperable *Difficulty* of a sufficient Death-Bed-Repentance.

Experience also may be added to the number, as being *Cause* of *Hope*, more ways than one. It enables us, in some things; and only teaches us, in others. By enabling us to do, what otherwise we could not have done, it always causes *Hope* of Success: But when it only teaches us, without improving our Abilities, it sometimes causes *Hope*, by letting us see the possibility of what we judg'd impossible; and sometimes *Despair*, by shewing us the impossibility, which before we did not believe. This Lesson of *Experience* is very unequally taught and learnt amongst us: Our young folks have too little of it, and therefore are too *Rash*, Our old ones have

have too much, and are therefore too desponding.

Amongst the *Effects* of *Hope* we may very well reckon the *Encouragement* of *Industry* and *Action*, which are laid aside and quite abandon'd, when *Despair* prevails. No Reasonable Creature ever acts, nor ever can engage in any Action, without some appearance of Reason which may be a Motive or Inducement to it: And truly, where there is no *Hope*, nor any Prospect of Success, What reason can there be to act in vain, and labour to no purpose?

Despair, you'll say, will make a Coward fight, and furiously too. But then, he only despairs of Running; he do's not despair of Fighting. He fights, because he has no other Hope of Safety left; and this being his only Hope, 'tis no wonder he makes the best of it.

Another *Effect* of *Hope* is the great Joy we feel in contemplation of the lovely and desirable Good,

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we have in View before us, as the Prize of our Victory, and Recompence of our labours. Such is the Joy a good Soul always finds in the *Hope* of Heaven: And whosoever they are, they very well deserve to be Sad, who do not find this *Hope* sufficient to *Rejoice* their Hearts.

This Joy is always the *Effect* of *Desire*; but never without *Hope* to help it: And 'tis hard to say, Which of the two has a greater share in this Effect. On the one hand, it may be pleaded in behalf of *Desire*; that, when our *Desire* is very *great*, and our *Hope* little, our Joy is *greater* than our *Hope*; And again, when our *Desire* is very *little*, and our *Hope* great, our Joy is *less* than our *Hope*: From whence it seems to follow, that our Joy, in both cases, being more proportion'd to *Desire* than *Hope*, is more the Effect of the former than the later. On the other hand, it may be said in favour of *Hope*;
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that, when our Desire is in both cases equal, with very great Hope in the one, and very little in the other, our Joy is more proportion'd to our *Hope* than our *Desire*. Be it how it will; We are so much oblig'd to *Hope* for all the Joy of our *Desire*, that if (g) *Desire with Hope causes Joy*, 'tis no less certain, that, *take Hope away*, the same *Desire* joyn'd with *Despair causes Grief*.

Desire and Despair are the worst Couple that ever met. The Greatest Torment of Hell is the Natural Product of these Two. An Everlasting Desire of Happiness, with an Eternal Despair of the same; and these Two never to be parted. *Despair* is the Death of *Hope*; and if *Desire* died with it, our Heart would be at ease. But, such is the Cruelty of Despair, it never kills Desire, but always buries it alive. O! what a Cruel Torment must it be, when all the flaming Wishes and ever burning *Desires* of Heaven,

(g) 1. 2. q. 36. a. 2. ad 3.

ven, are imprison'd and enrag'd in dark and deep *Despair*, and buried everlastingly alive in *Hell*!

C H A P. XVIII.

Fear and Boldness.

AS *Love* is no sooner born, but breeds *Hatred*; no sooner grown up to *Desire*, but breeds *Aversion*; So, when this *Desire* is rous'd by opposition of some *Difficulty*, and inflam'd to some degree of *Hope*, it breeds a stronger *Aversion*, either *Bold* or *Fearful*, in proportion to its present *Strength*; which, if great causes *Boldness*; if little, makes way for *Fear*.

Aversion and *Fear* are both upon the *Wing* to fly from *Evil*: But as *Hope* is more than *Desire*, so *Fear* is more than *Aversion*, which only declines from *Evil* consider'd singly in it self; whereas *Fear* is put to flight by the approach of a future *Evil* which appears, not singly, but with *difficul-*

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ty, and possibility, of being avoid-
ed.

Moreover, as *Hope* and *Despair* are two Sorts of *Desire* which agree in the same Object, the same future *Good*; but differ in their Motions, the one retiring from it, the other tending towards it: So (h) *Boldness* and *Fear*, are two Kinds of *Aversion*, which have one and the same Object, the same future *Evil*; but have Motions very different, the one advancing to meet it, and attack it; the other laying down its arms, and running from it.

Besides, it may be here observ'd, that as we cannot *hope* for any future *Good*, without *desiring* it; so neither can we *fear* any future *Evil*, without *hoping* the contrary. For which reason *Aristotle* says, that *He who lays his Head upon the Block, already under the Executioner's Axe, do's not fear Dying, because he thinks himself sure of it: He may grieve,*

(h) 1. 2. q. 45. a. 1. cor.

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if you please, (i) but cannot *fear*, unless he has some *Hope* to escape. For the same reason, in a Strict sense, we none of us *fear dying*; because we have no *Hope* of always *living*: But we *fear dying soon*, because we *hope* to die *late*. We are *sure* to die some time or other; and therefore cannot *fear* it, altho' we *grieve* at the thought of it: But we have great *hopes*, and much greater desires, of (k) *prolonging* our Life; and the more we desire to live long, the more we *fear* to die soon. Provided always, that, in *Tenderness* to our own *Ease*, we do not flatter and delude our selves into a false *Security*, that *Death* is at a great and mighty distance from us: Then indeed (l) it do's not seem so *Terrible*, as when (in a true light) the *Prospect* is drawn nearer to us *All men know*, says *Aristotle*, that

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(i) 1. 2. q. 42. a. 2. cor. (k) *ib.* ad 1.
(l) 1. 2. q. 42. a. 2. ad 1.

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they needs must die; but because
Death is not Near, they care not.

Since we cannot *fear* without
Hope, and much less be *bold* with-
out it, there must certainly be more
Connexion, twixt these opposite
Passions, than we commonly are
well aware of. And the more I con-
sider the matter, the more I am
perswaded that *Boldness* and *Fear*
do not totally exclude each other.
No man is said to be *Bold*, in an
attempt which, in all appearance,
is absolutely Secure from Danger:
But he is the Boldest man, who
ventures where he thinks the grea-
test Danger is. Now, all Appea-
rance of Danger being naturally
apt to cause *Fear*, it is not natu-
ral for True *Boldness* to subsist
without a Mixture of it. When
Two weights are in opposite Scales,
the one do's not destroy the weight
of the other, but the greater weight
always prevails, in spite of it. So
Boldness and *Fear* are the two op-
posite Characters of a *Hero* and a
Coward.

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Coward. The former has not the Repute of being Brave, because he has no Fear at all (which only is the Bravery of a Fool) but because his Boldness is always prevalent, and triumphs over it. The later suffers the disgrace of being thought a Coward, not because he has no Courage, but because it is so little, that his Fear is commonly predominant, and gets the upper hand of it.

He who fears not (m) is Secure. The less he fears, the more Secure he is. And therefore, as there are several degrees of Fear, there are as many of Security, which is only a Privation of Fear. If the Privation be entire, or (as we call it) *absolute*, the Security is so too. But there is never any Absolute Security, in case of Boldness. If there were, there would be then no Danger, nor Adventure, nor any thing to support the common Credit of

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a Bold Action. The principal thing which Boldness can pretend to brag of, is, that in the greatest Danger, where there is the least Appearance of Security, a Bold man ventures to expose himself as readily, as if he were Secure. It is not therefore so opposite to Fear, as to exclude it absolutely, but only so as to exclude the prevalency of it.

Mean time, as *Boldness* never would attack a *Terrible Evil*, unless we *hoped* for some great Good by overcoming it : So neither would *Despair* abandon a great Good, unless we *fear'd* some Difficulty which makes it seem impossible to be attain'd. *Hope* aims at Victory ; and *Boldness* therefore chuses to run the hazard of it. On the other hand, our *Fear* resolves to avoid the Danger of Fighting, which, being magnified, appears insuperable ; and therefore, in *Despair*, we abandon all the Good which may attend the Victory.

From

From whence we may conclude, that (*n*) as our *Hope*, when *Veherent Desire* supports it, is the Cause of *Boldness*; so our *Fear*, when tis excessive, leads us to *Despair*.

To account for all the Variety of Evils which may possibly befall us, were an Endless labour: Tis enough to remark some general Notions of them, in which their Difference is most considerable.

1. Those Evils which, when they happen, have no Remedy, are much more Terrible than others; because the very sight of them affrights us with a Boundless Prospect which appears to have no End.

2. Those Evils (*o*) which are most *Surprising*, are most Terrible; because the less they are expected, the greater is their first Appearance, and the stronger the Impression

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(*n*) 1. 2. q. 45. a. 2. ad 3. (*o*) 1. 2. q. 42. a. 5. ad 3.

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pression of them; and moreover,
we are so much weaker; by be-
ing less prepar'd to resist them.
Nor is it strange, that all Tempo-
ral Evils seem greatest at first;
because they are more magnify'd
by the Advantage of a closer Com-
parison with the contrary Extream.
A Poor man suddenly grown Rich,
is a greater Admirer of Riches:
And a Rich man suddenly grown
Poor, is much more sensible of Po-
verty; till by degrees he begins to
forget what formerly he was, and
grows a little better acquainted
with what he now is.

When we *fear* any Evil, because
it is destructive of our *Being*, (p)
this Fear is grounded in Nature,
and is justly call'd Natural. But
when we fear any other Evil,
which is not contrary to Nature,
but only to the acquir'd Habits
of our Adopted Desires; this Fear
is as far from being Natural, as
'tis from being Reasonable. And,
of

(p) 1. 2. q. 41. a. 2. ad 3.

of this, there are (*q*) several sorts.

1. As to our own Actions; we have a *Lazy* Fear, of too much Labour in doing our Duty; a *Balshful* Fear, of doing it amiss; and a *Shamefac'd* Fear, of losing Credit by our having done so:

2. As to outward Evils, our Fear has several Effects; when the impending Evils are very Great, we *Admire*; when very Unusual, we are *Astonish'd*; and when they are very Surprising, we are in a kind of *Agony* at the sudden Apprehension of them.

When *Fear* is *moderate*, and capable of hearing Reason (*r*) it applies our Thoughts more calmly, regularly, and closely, to enquire into the Merits of the Cause before us; and such Fear as this, not only is an useful, but a necessary Help, and is the first *Beginning of True*

(*q*) *ib.* a. 4. cor. (*r.*) 1. 2. q. 44. a. 2. cor.

Wisdom, by which we (s) *work our Salvation with Fear and Trembling*. But when it is *immoderate*, it has this very Scurvy Effect; that as we are most forward to ask Advice, we are least fit to take it. We are then most hasty to ask it, because we are most Sensible of wanting it: But are least capable of making right Use of it, because our Fear, the greater it is, the more it magnifies the Object, and hinders our judging right of the Advice that's given us.

Not only the *Object* of Fear, but even *Fear* it self, is Terrible. 'Tis always a Tormenting Passion, and oftentimes a very mischievous one, which may be very well reckon'd in the number of those Evils, which are not *easily* avoided, and therefore may be justly (t) *fear'd*. 'Tis a rude importunate Passion which he, who *loves* much, cannot be entirely

(s) *Phil.* 2. 12. (t) 1. 2. q. 42.
2. 4. cor.

tirely Master of. The Impressions of a Strong Imagination will intrude upon our Minds, in spite of all *Endeavours* to the contrary. We can no more help *Fearing*, when we see a *Hated* Evil drawing near us; than we can hinder *Seeing*, when we open our Eyes in the Light. As long as we *love* much, we are under a Necessity of *fearing* the Loss of what we love, when any *Danger* threatens us. Tis true; 'tis in our Power, by the Grace of God, to *love* these Temporal Goods so little, as not to *desire* them; And, when we have done *desiring*, we need not be afraid of *Fearing*: But nevertheless it is not in our Power to hinder *Fear*, whilst *Love* is Strong enough to breed *Desire*.

Aquinas takes it for granted, that (u) *All the Passions of the Soul proceed from one Common Principle, which is Love; in which they are all connected. And therefore Fear is*

not

(u) 1. 2. q. 41. a. 1. ad 1.

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not to be remov'd, without removing Love, and all the other Passions with it. He lays it down for a Fundamental Maxim, that (w) All our Fear proceeds directly from some Love, and that (x) There is no other Cause of Fear but lest some Lovely Good be Lost.

The Only Good which infinitely deserves our Love, is God himself. The Danger of Losing him, is incomparably the Greatest of all Dangers. And as our greatest Hope is in the Assistance of a Friend who has most Power to Help us; so we are in greatest Fear of making him our Enemy, who has most Power to Hurt us. Here begins the Fear of God; the first Beginning of that Wisdom, by which we fear him, as having in his hands the Power of Life and Death, both Temporal and Eternal; and being able (y) to destroy both Soul and Body in Hell.
The

(w) 1. 2. q. 42. a. 1. cor. (x) Aug. 1. 83. qq. q. 33. (y) Mat. 10. 28.

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The more we *love* him, the more we fear this loss: And the more we *fear* it, the more we love his Infinite Goodness, which is always willing to assist us, and deliver us from the Danger of it.

1. We *tremble* at the Thought of Losing him:

2. We *resolve* to keep the Commandments, that so we may prevent this Loss:

3. We *hope* that, by his Grace, we shall always keep this Resolution: and,

4. We *love* his Goodness, who notwithstanding all past faults, is always ready to enable us, that we may keep it, if we please. Our *Love*, with *Desire* of Enjoyment, causes *Fear* of Disappointment: And the same *Fear*, having (2) *Hope* to help it, causes *Love*.

As we cannot much *love* God, without *fearing* to Lose him; So neither can we *love* the World,
to

(y) Mat. 10. 28. (z) 1. 2. q. 42. a. 1. cor.

to any great degree, without being *afraid* to Lose the Pleasures of it. Whoever loves this World, and sets his Heart upon the Satisfactions of this present Life, is never free from *Fear* of all the Powers of it ; which are numberless. There is hardly any Creature so contemptible and insignificant, but may sometime or other have the Power to hurt us. Hence come all the cringing Flatteries, and all the fawning Dissimulations, which are so visible throughout the World, in all Degrees, from the highest to the lowest: And 'tis a Slavery which Worldly Love deserves to suffer, without Pity.

The Foundation of True Christianity, is a Contempt of all this World, and a Continual Desire of the Next: And He, who is thus dispos'd, neither *loves* the World, nor *fears* it. He is Wiser than to provoke it, and bid it do its worst; because he do's not confide in his own Strength, but only in the Assistance

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sistance of his Mighty Friend: But,
as he knows his Friend is always as
ready, as he is *able*, to help him
in time of need, So he is ever pre-
par'd for the worst the World can
do to him; and therefore he ad-
vances cheerfully and boldly in his
Way to Heaven, with all his de-
sir'd Comfort about him: A Com-
fort, which is inseparable from the
Glorious Prospect which he has
before him, and is so far above the
trivial Comforts of this World,
that all its Power and Malice ne-
ver can deprive him of it. All our
Worldly Evils end with Death:
And he who always is prepar'd to
die, and glad to leave this World,
may always bid defiance to the
Greatest Fears and Terrors of it.

Twas a smart Saying of a Great
Man, who denied his Religion to
save his Estate; *This damn'd-Inter-
est makes us all Cowards.* He had
Wit enough to see his Folly; and
yet was Fool enough to do it: And
all was only for the sake of his
damn'd

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damn'd Interest. Tis nothing but
Worldly Love which produces these
dismal Effects; 1. *makes us Cow-*
ards; and, 2. *damns us* for being
so.

C H A P. XIX.

The Nature of Anger.

I Am so angry at *Anger*, that I al-
most hate the Name of it. O-
ther Vices are the Damnation of
Sinners: But This, I fear, damns
even Saints themselves: I mean, it
damns even those who would have
pass'd for current Saints in the
World, and really would have
been great Saints, without it. What
a Pity 'tis to see some people lay
out half their Time in Prayer, and
murder the other half with venting
of this Passion! And what a Mon-
ster must it be, that is thus equal-
ly made up of two Extrems, half
Angel, and half Devil!

I say no more. Instead of good
Advice, I'll give my Reader the
best

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best Example I can, of being then most Silent, when I am most inclin'd to Anger. A famous Cardinal, more Eminent for his Parts and Virtue than his Hat and Dignity, shall speak my Thoughts upon the matter for me. (a) *To be angry at Anger, is almost the only justifiable exercise of that Passion: For it is a most execrable Monster; an Affection so unquiet and turbulent, that if it once seizes us, it unmans us. It is in one word, a short Madness, that carries a man headlong, without any regard to Friends, good Manners, or indeed to his own Security; but makes him run any hazard (as in the fall of a House) of dashing himself to pieces upon the ruins of what he carries down before him. As for other Vices, they are confin'd to certain Bounds and Limits; but Anger flies at all, and there is not any thing that scapes it, be it never so sacred. It invades even Heaven it Self, with open Blasphemies and*
secret

(a) *Guide to Eternity.* c. 7.

secret Murmurings against the Providence of the Almighty. It defaces in us the Image of God, whose works are all peaceable and calm. It casts a Mist before our Eyes, so that we are not able to discern the Truth our selves; and it makes us Stubborn and uncounselable towards others. So that, An Angry person is utterly incapable, either of Moderation or Reproof.

I have here omitted the greatest part of this Character, because it is not so much my present business to inveigh against the *Vice* of Anger, as it is to describe the *Nature* of it. And the first thing I observe, is this; that Anger is in some respect a *Passion* by it self, because (*b*) it has no other directly contrary to it. The Evil which provokes it, is always either past or present; and if our Hope be bold enough to undertake Revenge, immediately we fall to work; if yet too fearful, we smother our Anger

for a while, in hope of a better Season; but if our Hope quite fails us, all our *Anger* ceases; *Despair* and *Grief* take place; and these are Passions contrary to *Hope* and *Joy*, but not directly opposite to *Anger*.

Other Passions appear says *Seneca*, but *This is Eminent*. Tis the very Height of Passion: All the rest, except *Despair*, serve only to support and exalt it: This is always *Eminent* above them all. The Foundation of it (as of all the rest) is *Love*. We *love* our Humour; and more particularly our Honour: If that be cross'd, or this slighted, we *hate*, these Evils with a Hatred suitable to our Love; we *grieve* at their presence; we are *averse* to their continuance; we *desire* immediate *Revenge*, to repair the seeming Loss of our Belov'd Honour, or the real Crossing of our Darling Humour; we *rejoyce* in the *Hope* of taking this *Revenge*;
we

we are uneasy at the *Fear* of being disappointed in it ; and therefore, if we are *bold* enough, we presently fall on, without the least Delay. What wonder therefore is it, if our *Anger* swells and rises to so great a Height, when there are so many Ascents to reach the Top of it ? Or that it looks so monstrous Big, when there are no less than nine several Passions in the Belly of it ? *Despair* is the only Passion which has no Fellowship with *Anger*, but only serves to dash it all to pieces, by killing the *Hope* of Revenge, and burying the *Desire* of it alive.

Our *Anger* is a mixt Passion; not only (c) because it proceeds from a Complication of so many Passions which are Causes of it; but also (d) because it always has a mixt Object, a Mixture of
Good

(c) 1. 2. q. 46. a. 1. cor. (d) *ib.*
a. 2. cor.

Good and Evil in it; the *Good* of one, and the *Evil* of another; and always *desires*, and *hopes* for, *open Revenge*, not only as being *good* and sweet to him who seeks it, but chiefly as being *evil* and sower to him that suffers it.

To Revenge a Wrong that has been done us, is the Main Business of *Anger*. And if a man would curiously observe his Thoughts, how they are apt to work upon his Mind in these occasions, he would easily discover, that in all the Objects of his Anger (e) there appears some Justice in the Revenge, and some Injustice in the Fact that provokes him to it.

Hence arise a great many Differences betwixt *Anger* and *Hatred*.

1. An *Angry* Person (f) measures the Punishment by the Injury, and do's not desire to punish it any more than it *seems* to deserve:

(e) 1. 2. q. 46. a. 7. cor. (f) 1. 2. q. 46. a. 6. ad. 1.

serve: But he who *hates* his Neighbour, has no such Measure for his Passion.

2. An *Angry* Man acts openly, (g) that the World may see, and the Delinquent may be sensible, *who 'tis* and *what* he do's, and *why*; to the end that he may never more offend a Person, who never suffers any Contradiction or Affront to scape unpunish'd: Whereas *Hatred* has no pretext of Self-defence to excuse it, nor any appearance of a good Design to palliate it.

3. All this *Anger* (h) is only a hidden Motion; and the Blood no sooner cools, but all is well again: But *Hatred* is an endless Passion, which lies down and rises with us; and never leaves us, day nor night.

These Differences are insisted upon, to prove that *Hatred* is the worse Passion of the two; because there is more appearance of *Justice*, *Bravery* and *Good Nature*, in the Passion of *Anger*, than in that of *Hatred*.

(g) *ib.* ad 2. (h) *ib.* ad 3.

This Argument obliges me to observe, that there is great Difference betwixt Logical *Notions*, and Real *Things*; and to confess, that the *Notion* of *Hatred*, as it is here describ'd, without appearance of *End*, *Reason*, or *Measure*, is the worse *Notion* of the two. But whether or no it be a worse *Thing*, I cannot so easily determine. I shall fairly set down my Reasons, and let my Reader judge for himself.

In the first place, I am not sure there is, in Humane Nature, any such *Thing* as the *Hatred* here describ'd. As for Devils, I thank God I am not acquainted with them; and 'tis my daily Prayer that I never may. But as for Humane *Hatred*;

I. I believe it always is, like other things, the worse for wear; and that the greatest *Hatred* in the mortal, in a double sense, because it always carries its Mortality along with it, which never fails to bring it to an *End*. I 2.

2. Nor can I easily be perswaded that any one Man ever hated another without some *appearance* of *Reason* for it. Tis true; a little *Reason* will serve some Folks to hate; and as little will serve others to be *angry*: So that here the *Case* is *Equal*.

3. This *Appearance*, tho' never so little, as 'tis the *Ground*, so 'tis the *Measure*, of *Hatred*.

In short, if ever there were, in Mankind, such a *Thing* as *Endless Hatred* without any *appearance* of *Reason* or *Measure*, 'tis what I never yet discover'd, and am apt to think it never will be found, unless there be some people in the *World*, who have *all Devil*, and *no Soul*, in them. And after all, 'twill be of little advantage to the *Character* of *Humane Anger*, to say, Tis something better than the *Devil's Hatred*.

In the *Second* place, Altho' it be given for granted, that the two *Notions* of *Anger* and *Hatred* may

be separated in Conceit, yet the *Thing* it Self, which we call *Anger*, can never be parted from *Hatred*: It always includes a real *Hatred* of the Injury done, and of the Person who did it: And the greater this *Hatred* is, the greater is the *Anger*; because the more eager is the *Desire*, and more delightful is the *Hope*, of punishing the Affront, and the Author of it. Now, I must needs own, that, if *two* Evils be better than *one*, then *Anger* is better than *Hatred*; but if one Evil be as much *better* than two, as one is *less* than two, then *Hatred* is better than *Anger*.

Nor do I know what can be said in the *Case*; unless you'll say, that *Hatred*, joyn'd with *Anger*, is mended by keeping better Company than it Self: And this I know not how to believe; because, if I rightly understand what *Hatred* is, there is no other way of making it *better*, than by making it *less*; which *Anger* never do's, nor ever

can do. On the contrary, the greater our *Anger* is, the greater is our *Hatred*. And the reason is plain to be understood; because all *Anger* includes (besides *Hatred*) no less than seven or eight other Passions which always Fan the Coals of it, and will never let the Fire of *Hatred* smother quietly in its Ashes, but blow it up into a furious and devouring Flame. This way of setting *Anger* to mend *Hatred*, is like the mending of a Fire till it burns the House about your Ears.

C H A P. XX.

The Ill Nature of Anger.

I Have not yet done with *Anger*. There are three things pleaded in favour of it. And altho', of all things in the World, it least deserves a fair Hearing, because it never allows it; yet here it shall not be condemn'd without it. Good *Nature*, *Bravery*, and *Justice*, are pret-

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pretty Things to brag of: And *Anger*, which already is the proudest of all Passions, would be prouder (if possible) than it is, could it quietly possess the Reputation of having these fine Ornaments belonging lawfully to it.

In forty years acquaintance with the World, I have seen perhaps as much *Anger* as my Neighbours; and never yet could see the least appearance of *Good nature* in it. Sometimes indeed, when *Anger* was quite gone, *Good Nature* presently appear'd; but it always came too late, for *Anger* to get credit by it.

But *Anger*, you'll say, is only a *Sudden Motion*: The Blood cools presently; and *All is well again*.

You may say the same of Gunpowder. The Firing of it, is only a *Sudden Motion*: The House is presently blown up with it; and all is as quiet as ever. But is it therefore the less Mischievous, because it has a quicker way of doing

Mischief? Look about the World; See Provinces laid waste, Towns ruin'd, Heaps of Slaughter'd Bodies, Rivers stain'd with Blood, whole Families extinguish'd by the Fury of Revengeful *Anger*. All this has been done, in very little time. And yet it is not very probable, that the *Anger* of the Prince who gives these orders, is one jot the *better natur'd*, because his Power has so swift a hand in doing All this Mischief; or because he is in so Good Humour when tis done.

Once more I return to my Comparison. The *Good Nature* of *Anger* is like the *Mercy* of *Gun-powder*. The one is never at rest, till it has done all the Harm it *can*: The other never quiet, till it has done all the Mischief it *has a mind to*. Such Terms as these, in all appearance, would please the Devil himself: And yet we have no reason to suppose that he abounds with much *Good Nature*.

There's

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There's None truly Good, but God; And all our true Good Nature is only a Participation of his, by Charity which makes us love our Neighbour as our Selves. There can be no Good Nature in us, but what is either Charity it self, or something very like it. Let us see if Anger be so.

I. *Charity (i) suffers long. But Anger will not suffer one moment, if it can help it; it revenges it self immediately, if it can; or, if it cannot do it presently upon the Spot, it watches carefully the very first Occasion, and takes Revenge as soon as ever it dares. It festers, rankles, and grows daily more inveterate, till the happy hour is come, in which it dares be bold enough to take the full Swing of its Humour. Till then, tho' it be never so long, it is a lasting Passion, which admits no interruption, but continually meditates the Sweet Revenge it hopes for. It hants us in*

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(i) 1. Cor. 13. 4, 5, 6, 7.

our very Dreams ; it wakes us in the Morning ; it obseſſes us all Day ; and closes our eyes at Night. So restless, so impatient, it is, to *Suffer long.*

2. *Charity*, when it has suffer'd long, *is kind*. It is so far from entertaining any the least Resentment against the Persons from whom it suffers, that it has a *kind Compassion* for their Weakness : Instead of Studying Revenge, it pities their Condition who are fallen into the dreadful hands of the Divine Justice : And, out of tender *Kindness* to them, uses all its Art to cure the peevish Sourness of their Temper, by the gentle Sweetness of returning Good for Evil. *Anger* grows immediately *Unkind*, upon the first Sense of Suffering : It has no Pity, no Compassion, for the Authors of a pretended Injury : It do's not think God's Punishments are great enough to make sufficient Satisfaction : No ; it must, by all means, add as much

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as ever it can, of its own. Besides, God's Judgments are too tediously Slow, to keep an equal pace with Anger : He often grants Allowances of Time to Repent : But *Anger* cannot brook the least Delay ; it has a raging Appetite ; and the longer it is forc'd to fast from sweet Revenge, the more it hungers and thirsts after it.

3. *Charity envies not*. What should it envy ? The Advantages of Worldly Favours ? It does not value them : It cares not who has them. The Happiness of Heavenly Blessings ? Let who will have them, says *Charity* ; The more they have, the better 'tis for *them*, and not the worse for *me* : Their Plenty will never make my Share the Less : We are All one *Body* in *Christ* ; we All aim at one Common Happiness ; And therefore All my Neighbour's Comfort is, and always will be, no small Part of mine. Can *Anger* truly say such Things as these ? Quite contrary :

When *Anger* is grown Furious against the Author of a seeming Injury, it *envies* him the very Air he breaths, the Ground he goes upon, and grudges him the Use of either. Nay, even when our Anger is more moderate, it presently falls on, if not by *Fact*, at least by *Word*, to take Revenge: It draws immediately, if it dares, the sharpest Weapon we have, Our Tongue: It lays about, and deals its Blows, with all the Fury it has: And, if the Party be so Wary, and can keep so close a Guard, as to receive no Wound, it *envies* the Happiness of his Peaceful Temper; it *envies* the very Blessing which ought, in Conscience, to be pray'd for; and *grieves*, because it cannot rob him of it. Is this *Good Nature*? What can the *Devil*, in this World, do more, than *envy* us the Blessing of God's Grace, and *tempt* us, all he can, to Lose it by Offending him?

4. *Charity is not puff'd up.* Tis always *Humble*; because it always is above the World, and utterly despises all the Silly, Empty, and Unsatisfying, Glories of it. It frankly yields, and gives what *Preference* you please to any Pretender to it, because it does not value it. But *Anger* always is puff'd up with *Pride*, which makes the Stomach rise, enflames the Cholerick Humour, and fires the very Heart's Blood, upon the first appearance of an Injury, Affront, or Disrespect. When you see Folks ready to burst with Anger, you may be assur'd, tis Pride that raises all their Passions within them: Nothing else but Pride which puffs them up, and swells them. It puffs them up with such prodigious Expectation, of being consider'd, valued, and respected, every where, by all that come in their way, that it would puzzle all the Wit of Mankind to invent sufficient Ways and Means to avoid incurring their

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Displeasure, by the Appearance of some small Neglect, some Slight, some Injury, of Word, or Deed, or Omission. So hard a thing it is to have a Quiet Life amongst these people, who are so non-sensically *Good Natur'd* as to be always easily *Anger'd*.

5. *Charity* do's not behave it self *perversely*. Nothing can be more *perverse* than *Anger*. Whatever is *done*, it lays hold on the wrong handle: Whatever is *said*, it turns it to a wrong sense. When it understands, it will not seem to hear: And when it hears, it will not seem to understand. The *Hungry* are not better pleas'd with Eating, than the *Angry* are with Quarrelling and Chiding: And the Greater the Fault, the more welcome the News of it; because it furnishes a good pretence to chide on, so much longer, with so much better Grace. One would admire to see, what shifts poor *Anger* makes, to find out competent matter to work on;

on; what Invention it has, to multiply the Circumstances of a Fault; what Skill it has, to turn them readily the wrong side outward, and to magnify them beyond measure: And all for fear the Gluttony of a devouring Passion should be disappointed, and the *Angry Humour* forc'd to leave off *Hungry*, for want of Faults to feed it.

6. *Charity seeks not her own.* Pray, what is it that *Anger* seeks, when it takes upon it to correct and punish so severely the Offender who provokes it? What is its Design, when it so proudly undertakes to teach the Party better Manners, than to dare to do so any more? Is it *purely* for the real Benefit of the Delinquent? Or is it not *chiefly* for its *own* Contentment, and the Satisfaction of its *own* ill-natur'd and unreasonable Humour? Give it but free leave to spend its Rage, and Let it take full Liberty in breathing of its Fury, it neither cares how much the Person suffers
by

by it, nor how little he is better for it.

7. *Charity is not provok'd.* Alas! How can it? A man who loves God above all things, has his Heart in Heaven; Nothing upon Earth can reach it. All you say or do, is either well or ill: If well, he approves it; if ill, he pities it: And, far from thinking of Revenge, his only Trouble is, that God who is offended by it, will be sure to punish it; and that he knows not how to help it. But *Anger* always is *provok'd*; and very easily too. The least harsh word, the least cold look, the least omission of Respect, is more than enough to provoke it. There's nothing can be so innocent, so well and kindly meant, but *Anger* will be sure to fix an unkind interpretation on it, enough to create a Quarrel or Complaint about it. The Love of our Humour, and particularly of our Honour, is so foolishly Fond, and so extravagantly Jealous, that even Kindness
it

it self can hardly ever come near it, without more or less Offence to it.

8. *Charity thinks no Evil.* But *Anger* thinks of nothing else. It always *thinks* either of the *Evil* it *suffers*, or of the *Evil* it *do's*, or *hopes* to do: It always thinks the former *Evil* too Great to be endur'd; and the later too Little to be contented with: It always thinks of returning *Evil* for *Evil*; and how to overcome one *Evil* by another.

9. *Charity rejoyces not in Iniquity.* It hates it mortally; and can have no Joy in it. But *Anger* always *rejoyces*, not only in the *Iniquity* of taking Revenge, but more in the *Iniquity* of those who suffer with Impatience the Mortification of it. Tis like the Plague, which when it once has seiz'd the Brain, creates a strange ill-natur'd Madness, which delights in nothing more, than in making every body else that offers to come near it,
catch

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catch the same Disease. And so do's
Anger, when it once has fir'd the
Blood, it never rests, it has no Joy,
till it has made all those, who hap-
pen to provoke it, as Uneasy and
as Angry as it Self: And the more
it infects them with its own *Ini-*
quity, the more it *rejoices in it*. Is
this the *Good Nature* of *Anger*!
Good Lord, deliver us from it.
The Devil himself has no *Ill Na-*
ture worse than this. And all his
Malice against Mankind, when we
have computed it, amounts to no
more than this; that he *rejoyces in*
the *Iniquity* of *making us Devils*
like himself.

C H A P. XXI.

The Folly and Injustice of Anger.

BUt, after all; Is not Anger the
Bravest of Passions? Has it not
somewhat of the Hero in it? Has
it not gain'd such Reputation with
the Rabble, that a Man, who swells
and buffs with Anger, passes for a
Man of Honour? You

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You do well to appeal to the *Rabble*; They are the only Jury, that will give their Verdict for you: I am sure the Wiser part of Mankind are of another Mind; (k) that *You shall very rarely find a man Brave, that is Furious.*

But does not Anger always act sincerely, openly, and barefac'd?

It is always *Proud* enough to do so, if it dares: But it is not always *Daring* enough to do it. You may often see, with your own eyes, the Truth of what I say. There are, God knows how many, people in the World, who deserve the *Poet's* Character of *Huffing to Cowards, Fawning to the Brave.* You may see them on a sudden fir'd with *Anger*, and look as if *Old Lucifer* were already got into the House, and were staring out of the Windows: And yet, if they are Sensible of being overmatcht, they can compose their Countenance, and hold their Tongue, and walk away as quietly, as if they had no *Anger* in them,

(k) *Guide to Eternity.* c. 7. when

when they almost burst with it. Show me here the great *Sincerity*, the open and barefac'd *Bravery*, of *Anger*: And give me leave to tell you, that even the *Boldest* Anger, when 'tis very Greedy of Revenge, never troubles its head with *Sincerity*; but, for want of other offensive Weapons, has recourse to the most impudent and most malicious Lies, rather than lose the Belov'd Pleasure of making a Body heartily Vext.

If ever *Anger* be *Sincere*, 'tis only, out of Spite and Malice, that it is so; which is no great Argument either of *Bravery* or *Good Nature*. And tis a Thousand Pities, that so Excellent a Quality should be so wretchedly abus'd, by applying it to the Peevish Liberty some people take to rid their Mind of all Uneasy Thoughts, whatever happen to be uppermost. All this they foolishly do because they dare: And when they have done it, they are as foolishly proud
of

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of it. They are so Brim-full of what they call Sincerity, that they spill it upon every one they meet. Their little Pot is soon Hot: They are every moment boyling over, and Scalding some of the Company: They lose, one after another, all the Friends they have: They are laught at, and despis'd by all of them: And perhaps, when 'tis too late, their eyes are open to see the *Effect* of their Humour, but never to see the *Fault* of it. Their Comfort is; They were always very *Sincere*. These people who are so Proud of a Sincere Heart, because they always publish what they think; might as wisely brag of a Sincere Stomach, because they always vomit what they eat.

Their *Anger* is always Proud; and *Pride* is always Blind enough to make us love the vain Appearance of *Imaginary* Greatness, as passionately as if 'twere *real*. For example: You have happen'd, in *Anger*, to say some very Unreasonable

able thing: You afterwards perceive it, and repent; but think it a disparagement to recall your word: You *hate* to do any thing that may seem to lessen you: And why? Because you *love* to pass for a *Great Person*, whose Word must always be a Law, be it right, or wrong.

But pray consider, Whether This *deserve* your *Love*; and give me leave to reason the matter with you: Upon Second thoughts, you will not find it so *lovely* as you seem to imagine.

I am resolv'd, say you, to make it appear that I am Master of my own House.

You would find it much more honourable, to make it appear that you are Master of your self.

If I recall my word; they will not mind me, another time.

Twere better for you, if they did not mind you now. I'm sure, you get no credit by their minding of you. The more they see
your

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your Weakness, the more they despise it.

Do you call it Weakness, to be strong and firm in one's Resolution?

Tis a great Weakness, to make a Foolish Resolution; and a much greater, to keep it.

I wish I had not engag'd so far, nor spoke so Big a Word.

Pray, how Big was it? as Big as the Whole House? or only as Big as the Room you spoke it in?

You banter me.

I do so. But I do it honestly; before your Face; and for your Good. Mean time, Tis very certain, if you still go on in this Unreasonable Humour, which you seem so fond of, All the Town will ridicule you, much more scornfully, behind your back. If you are thus in love with every Vain appearance, of Greatness, You had best remember, There are more Great things, than one, in the World; and that Tis ten to one, You'll only pass for a Great
Cox-

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Coxcomb. If This be all the *Brave-*
ry of Proud and Huffy *Anger*, 'tis
no better than a *Capon's Feather* in
the *Fool's-Cap* of it.

But surely you'll allow, at least,
that *Anger* carries with it a great
Appearance of Justice. Does it not
always measure the *Punishment* by
the *Injury*, and take great *Care* to
punish it according to it's *Desert*?

The *Notion* of it, I confess, is
wholly distinguish'd by the bare
Appearance of its *Object*; but the
Thing, which we call by that
Name, is a Natural Subject of
Right Reason, which ought to go-
vern it, by principles more deep-
ly laid, and therefore is accounta-
ble for more than what barely ap-
pears. Alas! What signifies a Great
Appearance, when there's no *Realiti-*
ty at bottom of it? Our *Passion*
chiefly spends it self upon *Appear-*
ances of its own *Creation*, and com-
monly dies in ignorance of the
mistake. We possibly may open
our eyes at last, and repent our
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being so Severe without *just* cause;
but this is only when our *Anger's*
dead and gone; for, whilst it lives,
it always magnifies the Object,
and deceives our Sight. Nay, of-
tentimes our Blindness out-lives
our *Anger*: Our Eye-sight is so
weaken'd, that perhaps we never
recover it. But let us see, What
Justice our *Anger* can pretend to?

1. An *Angry* Person never is a
competent Judge, even in a Cause
that is wholly and solely his own:
Much less can he pretend to be so,
in a Cause which equally concerns
a Neighbour, who in the Eye of
the Law, is upon equal Terms
with himself. In all these Cases,
which are the most common of all,
tis plain, There is no *Appearance*
of *Justice*; because there is none,
of *Authority*.

2. In other Cases, There's no
Appearance of *Justice*; because
there is none, of any *Injury*. Pray,
What Pretence can you have, to
punish a *civil* Neighbour, because
he

he differs in Opinion from You? Has not every body, by their Birth-right, an equal Priviledge of *thinking* and *speaking* for themselves?

In Discourse, he contradicts you.

If he does it modestly, Where lies the *Injury*? Has not he a Right to speak his mind, as well as You?

His Contradiction may perhaps hinder the current Vogue of your Opinion.

And, what if it does? What Right have You, more than He, to oblige the World to *think*, and *say*, as you please?

He pretends to be Wiser, in these matters, than You.

And, do not You pretend to be Wiser than He? Which, if it be no *Injury*, to Him, Why is it one, to You? How Absurd is all this Humour! Your Neighbour who, for ought you know, is Wiser than your Self, must always *think* and *say* as you do; or else your Pride must be offended, and claim Right to punish the Offence, with sharp

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Reflections, heavy Censures, and severe Invectives. Nay, and perhaps this is not All. Your Pride will peradventure never permit you to think you have done enough, till you have tried your utmost Skill, to make him thought a *Knave*, as well as *Fool*, for offering to contradict you. Go on, but one step more; and your Neighbour must neither *eat*, nor *drink*, nor *Sleep*, nor *do* any other necessary thing, but *what*, and *when*, and *how*, you please to *do so* your Self; for fear his *Actions* may constructively appear *Injurious* to you, by being a *Reproach* or *Contradiction* to yours. Whereas if you would calmly consider, that yours are every jot as much an *Injury* to him, and that the Case is evidently Equal on both sides, you would conclude, There can be no Appearance (to a man in his right wits) of any *Injury* at all.

3. In other matters, where there may be an Appearance of some *In-*

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jury

jury, there is very small, or none at all, of *Equity*. Impartial *Justice* always has an even hand, and takes great care to avoid the two Extreams, either of punishing *too little* or *too much*. But *Anger* always is notoriously *partial*; and when it is upon full speed to overtake Revenge, it always takes what care it can to avoid the favourable side, of punishing *too little*; but, as for the Cruel Fault of Punishing *too much*, it never is concern'd about it, but thinks it is impossible to be ever guilty of it.

But why do I take such pains to expose the *Injustice* of *Anger*? We daily see, with both our Eyes, that *Anger* has no more regard to *Justice*, than *Mad-folks* have to *Reason*. The Wasplish Humour inconsiderately stings whatever it happens to light on, with as little Thought of *Justice*, as of *Mercy*. How often do we see men vent their Passion in Revenge upon a Horse or Dog that vexes them.

We

We do not deny the *Authority* of the Proprietors; But where's the *Justice* of tormenting a poor Beast, that has no Use of Reason, or free Power of Acting? And the Case is yet much plainer, when a Man, in *Anger*, breaks his Pen, and tears his Paper, because they do not please him. He do's not consider whose Fault it is, that he is hard to please: But immediatly revenges himself upon these Senseless Creatures, that neither knew what they did, nor how to do otherwise; and takes his Revenge as heartily, as if they had affronted him, and done him no small Injury. He afterwards returns to his right Senses, and could almost beat himself for being such a Fool. Yet such he was, and such he's like to be again, unless he takes great care. So sudden are the first Impressions of Anger, that they out-run Reason, and will not stay to hear it. His Imagination gets the Start of it, and cheats him with the first Surprise of a false

Light: The Cholerick Humour presently takes fire: The flaming Passion dazzles and confounds him: And thus he instantly falls on to punish these Lifeless things, without either minding or seeing how little they are able to deserve it.

Alas! If *Angry* People had a true regard to *Justice*, they would first punish themselves: They are always the most guilty of the Fault, and most deserve the Punishment. The main Duty of Right Reason, is to Govern and Correct all Passion. If therefore they rightly consider'd, what they are, and what they ought to be, They would be chiefly Angry at the true Cause of their Sin: They would heartily endeavour to remove it, and never leave off labouring to pull it up by the Roots: They would not lay the blame upon their Neighbours, their Employments, or any Circumstances of their Life: They would begin to *hate*, and utterly *detest*, that proud unmortify'd *Love* of
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filly Humour and vain Honour, which is, and always was, the whole and sole *True Cause* of all their *Anger*: They would frankly own, that Nothing but such *Love* could ever have made them so *ill natur'd*, so *unjust*, so *simple Sinners*, as they have been heretofore: And would so heartily *be angry* at the Sin of Anger, as to make it their chief Business *not to Sin* so any more.

C H A P. XXII.

No Cure for Anger, or for any other Passion, without curing Love.

ALL the Diseases of our Passions, whatsoe'er they are, not only *begin* from some Disease of *Love*, but also are continued by the same. Our *Passions* would always be Well, if *Love* were never Sick: And their Disease, tho' never so Great and Dangerous, is always cur'd immediatly, as soon as *Love* recovers.

'Tis a mighty matter, in the Art of curing our Bodies, to have an exact knowledge of two things; the *Disease* it Self, and the true *Cause* of it. Our Physicians, had they always Skill enough to know these matters, would hardly ever fail to cure their Patients, unless they were consulted too late. But 'tis their great Misfortune, that they have to do with Bodies which are not so transparent, as to let them clearly see either; and are therefore under a Necessity of being mistaken, sometimes in the *Disease*, and almost always in the *Cause*. In the Art of curing our Souls, we are far more Happy: We want no *Skill*, but only *Will* to use it. The *Disease* of *Anger*, for example, is always Visible; 'tis the uppermost of all our Passions, and the most in Sight; so plain, so easy, to be seen, that 'tis impossible to be mistaken in it.

The *Cause* of it, is almost as Visible as the *Disease*. We daily see
that

that those who are the *Proudest*, and the greatest *Humourists*, are the most inclin'd to *Anger*. Our *Pride* and *Humour* come into the World with us; we derive them from our Parents; they run in the very Blood of us; and are so deeply rooted in the Corruption of our Nature, that it is a very difficult matter, and (without a Miracle of Grace) impossible, to be ever quite rid of them. They are Bad enough, when first born; but grow incomparably worse, when they are long encourag'd by ill breeding up. I have already observ'd (1) the ill Effects of being Flatter'd and Humour'd in our Infancy; and what a Scurvy Lesson we learn, of an Excessive Fondness, and a longing Expectation, to be us'd so, all our Life-time after. In our younger days, we are so fondled, by the foolish Weakness of our Friends about us, that instead of being govern'd by them, we assume the

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(1) *Ch. 5.*

Government our Selves; we make what Laws we please; and, to enforce the keeping of them, by *Reward* and *Punishment*, we employ our *Anger* and our *Love*, by promising the one to all who humour us, and threatening the other to all who cross us. As long as our Parents Fondness lasts, we gain our Point in every thing; They are willing, at any rate, to avoid our *Anger* and to gain our *Love*; and thus, as Childish as we are, our Parents (God forgive them) are the greater Children of the two. When they have spoil'd us, as much as they dare, at home, and have sent us abroad to be mended; we presently long to be at home again, because we soon begin to meet with naughty folks (we never saw the like of 'em) that will not let us have our Humour. They contradict us; They cross us; They restrain our Liberty; and after all, we are told, 'Tis for our Good. We did

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did not learn this Language at home: We know not, what it means. We think they are very ill-natur'd; we hate to be amongst them; and conclude, we have all the reason in the World to be very Angry at them. At length we meet perhaps with one or two that are a little better than the rest; who have some Fondness for us; cokes us, flatter us, and make it some part of their business to please us. The more we have of these Friends, the more we are confirm'd in the first Errors of our Infancy; the Prouder and more Humoursom we grow. And tho' we have but two or three of them, yet these are Witnesses enough to prove, that We are in the right, and that all the rest of the ill-natur'd, envious, and malicious World, are in the wrong, and very much to blame for disappointing our just Expectations of being Admir'd and Humour'd. If ever Death be so

ill-natur'd, as to rob us of such Friends; How insupportable is the Loss of them! We have lost the *best* Friends that ever were: Such Friends as *admir'd* us above all the World: Such Friends as would have gone thro' Fire and Water to *humour* us. Good God! And what a Shame is this, that we should grieve so much to lose the Opportunity of being Fondled, like meer Children, all the days of our Life? And is it not as great a Shame, that we should be so *Angry* at all those, who are the Instruments which our *Father in Heaven* makes use of, to wean us from this *Earth*, and fit us for *Himself*?

Some people had better never have been born, than have been too kindly us'd in breeding up. It makes them so Soft, so Tender, so very Uneasy at every Trifling matter, that the least thing which happens to lie across in the way of their Humour, is enough

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to put them out of Patience. And this is true, not only in those cloudy times when they out-live their Friends, but even in the first and fairest weather of their Age, when they most plentifully enjoy them. Even then, their foolish Favourites, who vye with one another, who shall please them best, are never able to do it so exactly as to answer Expectation : And, These once lost, they may e'en please themselves, if they can, when others will not take the pains to go about it. When once this sullen hour is come, the Change of Scene is dismal. They think (like *Sampson*, when his Hair was lost) 'to do as formerly they did': They think to govern the World, and teach it better manners, by being *Angry* at it, and letting it understand that they shall never love it more, unless it takes great Care to observe their Will and Pleasure : But when by long Experience they find that all their Stormy

Stormy *Anger* is receiv'd with cold Neglect, and that now there is no body left who is Fool enough to mind it, They then sit down in deep Despair, and all their *Anger* turns to *Grief*, which never ceases to torment them with a melancholy Contemplation of their miserable State.

Poor Children! They take pett, and grieve, in vain. They seek for Comfort, which never was, nor ever will be, found. When they *had* what they now *want*, they never were contented *with* it: How comes it then, that now they are so very discontented *without* it? They lament their Misery: But they do not lament the Cause of it. They are as *Proud* and *Humourfom* as ever they were: And this they do not lament. Their *Love*, of being *Honour'd* and *Humour'd*, was formerly the Cause of all their *Anger*: And the Self-same *Love* is now the Cause of all their *Grief*. The Childish *Love*
Still

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still lodges in their Breast: And this alone is enough to ruine all the Peace and Comfort of their Souls. My God! 'Tis Happy for us, that we are Thy Children! Nothing but the *Infinite* Goodness, and the *Almighty* Mercy of our *Father in Heaven*, could be able to forgive such froward Folly, and such perverse Childishness, as This.

Happy, once more I say, are all such Children, if they make right use of their Affliction. Happy indeed; if it open once their Eyes, to see what Fools they have been heretofore, and how much it is their Interest to be more Wise hereafter. They were often told, How Dangerous a thing it is (*m*) to love the *World*, or any thing that is in it; They often heard it from the Pulpit, and as often saw it in good Books: But they could never beleive it. To be *Esteem'd*, *Lov'd*, and *Humour'd*, are such pretty Things;

(*m*) 1. Jo. 2. 15.

Things; How can a body chuse but *like* 'em? And, *Liking* being always some Degree of *Love*, How can we help *Loving* 'em? Here lies the *Danger*. Could we *like* and *love* these Things so moderately as not to *desire* them; Could we be so modestly indifferent, that when they come they are welcome, and when they stay away they are heartily welcome; our Love would never do us any harm: 'T would lie securely in our Bosom, and would never sting us, either with *Fear*, or *Anger*, or *Grief*. Let our Neighbour cross and slight us, we should little heed it, but go on contented in our way to Heaven, without *grieving* at the Thing, or being *Angry* at the Person. Could we do all This, with Ease, it would not be so Dangerous to *love* the Satisfaction of this World. But since All this is so very hard to be done, The *Danger* of *loving* these Things must needs be exceeding great. And we may e'en thank our Selves, who by our wilful Unbelief have been so long abandon'd

to

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to the Wild and Wandring
Courses of our own Proud Hu-
mour, that at length our *Heavenly*
Father is oblig'd to use the last, the
strongest, and most painful Reme-
dy, of *making us believe the Dan-*
ger of all Worldly Love, by trying
in our own dear Selves the sad
Experiment of *Seeing* and *Feeling*
the Fatal *Mischief* of it.

A *Covetous* man will never be-
lieve he *loves his Money too much* :
And yet his *Fear* is an Undeniable
Witness of it. His *Fear* torments
him day and night : The best Se-
curity of Laws and Lands, is not
enough to quiet him : The Strong-
est Locks, and Bolts, and Bars, are
not able to exclude his *Fear*. He
owns he fears too much ; and would
even give *Money* to be rid of it.
Pray, tell him from me, whoever
he is, If he did not love too much,
he would not fear too much : Let
him only cure his *Love* ; he needs
not cure his *Fear*.

A *Proud Humourist* will never
be perswaded, he loves his Honour
more

more than it deserves: His Honour is more to *him*, than all the Money in the World: How *can* he love it *too much*? And yet, when he receives a small Affront, the Fury of his *Anger* is a plain Evidence against him. He cannot sleep a wink all Night; He cannot rest a moment all the Day; His Spirits are ruffled, his Blood boils, his Rage is more Tormenting than a Fever: And what would he not give, for a little Sweet Revenge, to allay the Pain he is in, which is *too much* for any Mortal Man to bear with Patience? Poor Silly Wretch! How Blind he is! Alas! He needs not go abroad to seek the Cure of all his Raging Pain: The Cause of it is at home: Let him only cure his *Love*; his *Anger* will cure it self.

A *Man of Pleasure*, who has never yet denied what his Heart ask'd, is never to be told, He loves his Pleasures *too much*. What would you have him do? They are the only Joy of his Life; He has no Comfort without them: Can he
love

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love these Lovely Things *too much*? I'll tell you what. Observe him only, in the Sullen Hour, in which, Poor Hungry Want of all these Things o'ertakes the Prodigal Enjoyment of them: Observe him yet more nearly, in the Darker and more Dismal Season, when he almost quite Despairs of ever enjoying them again: Observe him, I say; and, if the Question be not too ill-natur'd, ask him; Whether He do's not *grieve* too much? and What he would not do, to be free from all this Grief? Tis pity, I confess; to insult over a Man in Misery, and tell him, he may e'en thank himself, for *loving* these things *too much*. But yet, if he do's not seem to own it, he must be gently put in mind of it: Tis a Sin, which he must needs repent; and make amends for, by withdrawing his Affection from these things, he so much *grieves* to lose. Let him only do this; and, when he has cur'd his *Love*, he needs no other Cure for his *Grief*.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXIII.

*Crosses and Self-denials help to
cure our Love.*

WE do not sufficiently consider; 1. How Kind God is, in taking from us what we are too Fond of; 2. How unreasonable we are, in complaining of the Crosses which he sends us; 3. How Unkind we are to our Selves, in omitting the Practice of those Self-denials, which help to cure our Love, by teaching us (*n*) to *Want* as well as to *Abound*.

I. Tis certain that God's Design is merciful as well as Just, in taking from us what we are too fond of. He does not intend it, only as a Punishment of our past Fondness; but chiefly, as a Fatherly Correction for the future Improvement of our Love. If he always left his Children in a Quiet Enjoyment of their Toys and Play-things, they would never think they were too Fond

(*n*) *Philip. 4. 12.*

Fond of them. Tis only when these things are taken from them, or when they hear the first ill News, that they must lose them, Tis only then, they first begin to *see* the Folly of their Fault, and to *feel* the Smart of their Folly. They *see* the one, and resolve to mend it. They *feel* the other, and endeavour to remove the Cause of it. These are the Rational Consequences of their Sad Experience. And if their *Seeing* and *Feeling* do's not make these good impressions on them; we must not blame the Remedy: The Fault is wholly theirs, who will not make right use of it.

II. If the Crosses which God sends us, have not this effect upon us, Tis because we have so long indulg'd the Habit of our foolish Love, that it now turns to Frenzy, and makes us fly (like Mad-folks) in the face of our Physician, because He offers to cure us. Hence are all our Murmurings against Kind Providence; which are notoriously Unreasonable,

reasonable, because the Pain of all these Crosses is nothing but the woful Effect of our own Wilful *Love*.

Tis we our Selves who make these Crosses so very painful to us. We *love* these things *too much* : And whose Fault's that, but our own? If therefore we must needs be whining and complaining, Let us place the Total Sum at the Foot of our own Account ; Let us complain of nothing but our own great Folly ; And Let us use our best endeavours to correct the Folly which we have such reason to complain of.

I tremble, when I think how many there are in the World, who go on very Quiet and Contented in the Customary Road of a little Formal Devotion ; and in the Secret of their Hearts are near Idolaters of this World. Our *Love* is a lurking Passion : It lies the deepest of all others ; at the very bottom of them all ; and never shews it self, but in the time of Trial. Tis no wonder therefore, in a calm and prosperous
course

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course of Life, where no Calamity, no searching Trial occurs. Tis no wonder, I say, if their Worldly Love lies hid, and lets them cheat themselves with an Opinion that they love God more than the World, altho' their Heart be as far from so much Love, as Earth is distant from Heaven. Such people every morning, *offer* all their Actions to God; and, all day after, *give* them to the Devil. (o) *Their way seems Right* before them, but *in the End it leads to Everlasting Death.* (p) *They pass their Days in the Enjoyment of their Worldly Goods, and in a moment they descend to Hell.* Whenever they heard, how dangerous a thing it is to love this World *too much*, and how easy a thing it is to be mistaken in the Measure of our Love; They thought the Doctrine strict; They did not like it; and therefore could not endure to believe it. The Blindness of such Love is wilful, and there-

(o) *Prov. 16. 25.* (p) *Job. 21. 13.*

therefore is no Excuse for it. They are lost for ever ; because they lov'd the World *too much* ; and because the Fault was their own, that they did not *know* it, and *mend* it.

How happy might these People have been, if Providence had been so Kind as to cross them in the full Carreer of what they chiefly lov'd ! The Rage of *Anger*, or the Agony of *Fear*, or the more cruel Anguish of Despairing *Grief*, would certainly have open'd their Eyes to *See*, that All the Honey in the mouth of Worldly Love, is never able to make any tolerable amends for the Tormenting Sting in the Tail of it. Their *Seeing* would certainly have forc'd them to believe it : And it would have been entirely their own fault, if their *Feeling* did not make them Wise enough to use all Remedies against the Cause of it.

See here the kind Account which may be given, of all the Crosses which God sends us. 'Tis a kind
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Construction which, in true Humility and all due Gratitude, we ought to put upon them. And when we read, or hear, (*q*) *We must thro' many Tribulations enter into the Kingdom of God*; we are to conclude, that there are in us *Many* inordinate *Loves*, which are *too* Stubborn to yield to our Duty; and that our Hearts are much entangled with Desires of *Many* Worldly Satisfactions, which we are *too* Fond of. In all these Humours, we are wilfully Blind, and will not believe we are guilty of any Excess: And therefore *Many* *Tribulations* are very requisite, to make us *See* and *feel* the great Disorder and the fatal Mischief of *so many Foolish Loves*.

III. We little think how cruelly Unkind we are to our Selves, whilst we are Nursing up these little *Cupids* in our Bosom. They are little, and seem innocent, at first: We see no Sign of any harm in them: One
would

(*q*) *Act.* 14. 22.

would think they were as Tame as can be, whilst we stroke and feed them: But, as they daily gain new Strength, they grow at last so Wild and Fierce, that, upon the least Denial, they almost tear the very Hearts of us in pieces. We feel the cruel pain: But who is the Cause of it? God, or our Selves? He did not bid us *love* these things, which now we feel the Want of: On the contrary, he gave us warning not to *love* them at all. He tells us (r) *we are not of this World*; He forbids us (s) to *love the World, or the things that are in it*; He bids us (t) *abstain from all Desires, which war against the Soul*; and tells us, that he sent his Only Son into the World, to (u) *Teach us this Divine Lesson, of Denying our Worldly Desires, and of Looking for no other Happiness here but the Blessed Hope of a Glorious Eternity hereafter.* If

(r) *Jo. 15. 19.* (s) *1. Jo. 2. 15.*
 (t) *1. Pet. 2. 11.* (u) *Tit. 2. 12, 13.*

If we would but follow this Advice of Heaven, it would make our Life a Heaven upon Earth. If we *denied* our *Worldly Desires* which *war* against the Soul, and labour'd always to reduce them all to the *Desire* of Heaven, by placing all our Happiness here in the *Blessed Hope* of being Ever Happy there; No *Accident* would ever be a *Cross* to us. If we lov'd all *Worldly Things* no more than God would have us love them; His Will and Ours would always be conformable. 'Tis only when we *love* what we *ought not*, or love it *more than we ought*; 'Tis only then, that the *Wilful Perverseness* and *Crookedness* of our Love makes our Will lie *across* to his. And this is certainly no fault of his, but altogether Ours.

Those people who misplace their present Happiness in *loving* and *having* every thing that *pleases* them, have enough to do, to maintain so vast a number of unnecessary Loves: And yet they glory in them, as our

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Great Ones do in multitudes of Servants to attend them; and are as busily ambitious to add new Satisfactions to their present Pleasures, as Kings and Princes are to enlarge the Bounds of their Dominions. Mean time, they do not well consider the Uncertainty of all these things. It is not in the Power of Man, to ensure all these Conveniences to us: We must of necessity be often plagu'd with Losing one or other of them: And thus, by multiplying and encreasing the Number and Power of these Loves, at the same time we encrease the Weight, and Multiply the Number, of our Crosses and Afflictions.

If we had a real Kindness for our Selves, we should endeavour all we can to lessen the Number and the Power of these Loves. We should discard and banish all our *Needless* or *Useless* Loves, which Education and Custom have ensnar'd us with: And as for those which Nature has, in some degree, made *Necessary* to us,

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us, we should labour to abate their Power, by *allowing* them no more than bare Necessity requires, and by *denying* them whatever they demand that seems to exceed this Rule.

To draw a Reasonable Scheme of *Self-denial*, we are first to state a fair Account, of what *must* be *allow'd*, and what *may* be *denied*. We must *allow* all Mankind to *love* their one *True Happiness*, and whatsoever is truly *Necessary* or *Useful* to attain it. But, because no Reason can oblige a Man to love a Thing which neither is a Part of his True Happiness, nor any Part of the true Ways and Means to come at it, Therefore it must be confess'd, that, be it never so lovely, in Appearance, it is evidently nothing to his purpose, who can be perfectly Happy without it. He may very reasonably *deny* himself the Liberty of *loving* it, and withdraw his Affection from it; were it for no other reason than because tis altogether

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Needless or Useless: And I am sure,
'tis much more highly reasonable
for him, to *deny* himself this Liber-
ty, if it always proves a very *Dan-*
gerous Hindrance of True Happi-
ness; as will appear more plainly
in the following Chapters.

Martha, Martha, says our Savi-
our, (w) *Thou art Solicitous, and*
Troubled about many Things. There
are *Many Things* in this World,
which we love: And, as we multi-
ply these *Loves*, we multiply our
Troubles. All our *Troubles* proceed,
from our loving *Many* *Worldly*
Things; and particularly from our
loving them so much, as to be *Soli-*
citous about them. We foolishly
propose to our selves a great deal of
Happiness, in Possessing these *many*
things, and in Disposing of them,
according to our Heart's Desire.
We look upon them every one, as
being some part of our present Hap-
piness; and as long as they have
such a place in our Affection, we
cannot

(w) *Luk. 10. 41.*

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cannot possibly help our being Desirous of them, and *Sollicitous* about them. This *Solicitude*, which always is the Bane of our Pretended *Happiness*, is the just Curse and Punishment of our Folly. The more we love them, the greater is the *Misery* of our *Solicitude*: The greater is our *Vexation* in Seeking them; the greater our *Fear* of Losing them; and the greater our *Grief* when we have Lost them.

I never yet could understand,
How the *Love* of Worldly Pleasures can make a Man truly Happy. And my Reason is plain: Because I have always observ'd, that the more a man *loves* to please himself, the harder he is to be pleas'd. The finest Lady, I mean, who is the most in love with Finery, is always the most peevish with her Tailor. The greatest Epicure, who loves his Palate best, is always the Man who grumbles the most at Dinner, and lays the heaviest Curses on his Cook. The Proudest and the

Greatest Humourists, of the one or other Sex, who are most passionately Fond of being Respected and Admir'd, are always the Persons who are disappointed most, and least contented with the Admiration and Respect they meet with. And the same is always True, in all the other Instances of Humane Frailty, which I here omit. From whence it plainly follows, That it is meer Nonsense, to pretend to find True Happiness in *loving* Worldly Pleasures; Because the more we *love* them, the more *Unhappy* we are, either *without*, or *with* them.

Alas! Our Souls were never made for such base things as these: Our Origine is deriv'd immediately from Heaven it self: And therefore Nothing but such Pleasures, as are Heavenly, are ever able to content us. If we have a mind to relish the *True Happiness*, which God allows us, and for which he made us, even in this *Present Life*; we must not be *Solicitous* about the *Ma-*

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ny Things which only belong to this
World, and are not *Necessary* for
the Next: We must withdraw our
Affections from them: And, when
we have collected all the Forces
of our Love together, we must
joyn them All in one Supream and
Soveraign Love of that *One* only
Necessary Thing, which alone suf-
fices to make us *Truly Happy*, in
both Worlds, by a *Blessed Hope* of
it here, and by a more Blessed *Fruition*
of it hereafter.

C H A P. XXIV.

*The Only Safe Way to Heaven, is
to disengage our Heart entirely
from the Love of This World.*

WHen People quite fall out
with the World, Then
Heaven has the honour to be
thought on. But as long as they
are able to agree with it, upon a-
ny tolerable Terms, They never
desire to be elsewhere. They daily
complain of it; They are never con-
tented with it; But still they live

in Hope of better Times; And, till they quite despair of any Comfort in it, they love it too well, to be glad of leaving it.

So miserable as it is, and so unsatisfied with it, as they are; One would think they might easily *hate* it. But, altho' they fancy it to be as full of Pleasure as an Egg is full of meat, the very Shortness of its Joys, consider'd rightly, is enough to damp the *Love* of it. I have heard of a Hungry Fellow, who had to his Dinner only one soft Egg, which being no sooner at his Mouth than down his Throat, *The Devil take thee*, says he, *Art thou gone already! I thought to have made a Meal of thee.* Much at this rate, they think to make their Fortune here on Earth: Their longest Life is gone in a Moment; The Pleasures of it, when they all are past, seem swallow'd at a single Gulp; The World and Flesh forsake them in a Trice; And the Devil takes them to himself, to keep them Company for ever.

These

These people are pleas'd with *Loving*, as an Epicure is with being *Hungry* that he may have more pleasure in Eating. They first begin to love a thing, because it pleases them; and afterwards it pleases them the more, because they love it. Their *Love* and *Pleasure* encrease one another by turns; and when they once are conjur'd thus into the Circle, they do not easily get out again.

But do's the Love of God exclude all Love of Worldly Pleasures? No: It leaves us in full Liberty to love them, every jot as much as they deserve: And only obliges us to be careful in avoiding the Excess, of loving them beyond their True Desert. I must confess, When we love Creatures, I do not see how we can answer it to Right Reason, if we do not love them for some Good, which either they do us, or we do them. We love Meat, Drink, and Sleep, because these things relieve our Hunger, quench our Thirst and

recreate our Spirits. We love the Mutual Entertainment and Reciprocal Diversion (x) of our Friends, because our Mind, as well as Body, stands in need of Seasonable Rest, and due Refreshments. We love not only these things, but also the Pleasure which we find in making proper Use of them: And truly, as far as the Pleasure of them does us any real Good, we may very lawfully love it. But if we love these Pleasures to any degree of Excess, that is, if we love them beyond the real Value of the Good they do, one way or other; So much as we love them beyond Reason, so much we love them without it.

But may we not love our innocent Pastimes and Diversions wholly and Solely for the meer Pleasure of them, without any regard to the Good or Harm they do us? Pray, give me leave to state the Question in a plain Case. You are Hungry and Thirsty: You have taken great Care, that
your

(x) 2. 2. q. 168. a. 2. cor.

your Meat be the Best, and your Wine the Purest, so that both may be very wholesom, and therefore very innocent: The Question is, Whether now you may not reasonably cast away all further Care, and give your Appetite full Liberty, without any Rule or Measure to govern it?

In answer to this, I desire to know, What it is that a Man can pretend to, more than a meer Brute, unless it be his Reason? Or, What his Reason is good for, but to be the Rule and Measure of his Actions? If we follow Pleasure, where-soe'er it leads us, meerly for the Pleasure's sake, without regard to any Good or Harm it does us, Where's the Rule and Measure of it? If we let our Appetite run headlong at this rate, without any further concern, either for Health or Sicknes, Gluttony or Drunkenness, the Death of our Body, or Damnation of our Soul; Can any
man,

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man, in his right Senses, believe
that This is very Reasonable?

Aquinas requires three Cautions,
in the *Love* and *Use* of Pleasure
(y) and *Diversiſion*. 1. That the
Matter be innocent : But this is not
all : He requires 2. that the *Mea-
ſure* be moderate: And 3. That the
Circumſtances be ſuitable to Per-
ſon, Time and Place. Our Love
is not *Juſt*, unleſs the Object or
Matter be innocent : It is not *Pru-
dent*, unleſs the *Circumſtances* are
agreeable to the Nature of it: Nor
is it *Temperate*; unleſs we obſerve a
Reasonable Moderation in the
Meaſure of it. All our *Love* of the
World, or of any thing that is in it,
is ever expos'd to the Danger, if
not of being *Unjuſt*, at leaſt of be-
ing *Imprudent*, and *Intemperate*.
And altho' it be given for granted,
that our Love of Pleaſure may, in
many Caſes, be *Juſt* and Lawful in
it Self ; It is not therefore free from
two great Faults, of being *Intem-
perate* and *Imprudent*. In-

(y) 2. 2. q. 168. 2. 2. cor.

Intemperance is (2) a most *Shameful* Vice. It degrades the Excellency of our Reason, and sinks us into an inferiour Rank of Being, below the True Dignity of our Nature. It makes us (a) *Worse than Cowards*; because a *Coward* only loves, and fears to lose, his *Life*, which is, of things belonging to this present World, the greatest and most necessary Blessing: Whereas an *Intemperate* Epicure is in love with *Superfluous Pleasure*, and is afraid to lose a meer Imaginary Blessing, which is altogether *Needless*.

The same *Aquinas* adds, That it is, not only a *Shameful*, and *Worse than Cowardly*, but also (b) a *Childish* Vice; Which he takes pains to prove, by observing in it all the Silly Humours, which are Usual amongst *Children*.

1. It follows Pleasure, without regard to Reason. 2.

(2) 2. 2. q. 142. a. 4. cor. (a) *ib.* a. 3. cor. (b) *ib.* a. 2. cor.

2. The more it is indulg'd, the Stronger and more Stubborn it grows. And,

3. Nothing but a Steddy Hand in Restraining it, and a Severe Method of Chastising it, can ever be able to reclaim it.

Tis the hardest thing in the World, to perswade Children, That they are too Fond of a Bauble; or that the Thing, they cry for, is a Bauble indeed, and do's not deserve their Fondness. And when they are afterwards grown up to be much Greater Children, of Twenty, Thirty, Forty, or Fifty years Old; they are only so much harder to be perswaded. Whatever they have a great mind to, is lookt upon as Part of their Present Happiness; and because All Mankind is under a Natural *Necessity* of always desiring to be *Happy*, they can never believe but that those things, in which they *falsely* place their *Happiness*, are *truly* Necessary for them.

This

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This Mistake proceeds from the *Intemperance of Love*, with which (c) *their Foolish Hearts are Darkned*: And the True Cause of this *Intemperance*, is the *Childish Humour*, which I just now mention'd, by which they follow *Pleasure* without regard to *Reason*. When they love their Pleasure, purely because it pleases them, without any other better and wiser Consideration added to it, without Rule to govern it, or Measure to set limits to it; How can this *Love* be *Temperate*? Poor Silly Children, as they are! They know what *pleases them*; and this they take great Care of: But, as for any *real Good* it do's them, tis the least Part of their Concern. They have a *Kind and Wise Father* in Heaven who in great *Tenderness* to their True Good, has allotted them their competent Allowances of Pleasure, to invite them to their several Duties, and has given them a Standing Rule which

(c) *Rom. I. 21.*

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which is the proper Measure of
their Pleasures. But their Childish
Humour is so prevalent, that they
greedily catch at the Pleasure, and
wilfully lay aside the Rule of it.

Diversion, Meat, Drink, Sleep,
and such Supplies of our Weak Na-
ture, do us good in order to our
Health. Our Health do's much
more good, by enabling us to per-
form our Duty. And our Duty do's
us the greatest Good of all, by fit-
ting and preparing us for our Eter-
nal Happiness. All these things are
lovely upon two accounts; Not
only because they *please* us; But
chiefly because they *do us good*:
And if we always joyn'd these Mo-
tives, as in Reason we ought; and
always took care that the Chief
Motive may be the Rule and Mea-
sure of the Other; our *Love* of
Pleasure would never be *Intempe-
rate*, nor ever lead us into any
wilful Excess.

Of what Importance This is to
us, I humbly beg you to consider.

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All the *Morality of the Gospel* is nothing else but the *Morality of Love*. All our *Moral Philosophy* is nothing but the *Art of Love*. Our Vices, whatsoe'er they are, and all the Extravagances of them, are deriv'd immediately from some *Intemperance of Passion*, which grows headstrong, and prevails against our Duty and Right Reason. And lastly, any one who has but *Common Sense*, and will consider the *Anatomy of Love* which I have here describ'd, may easily be convinc'd, that there is no *Intemperance of any Passion* whatsoever, but what proceeds from some *Intemperance of Love*, which is the first, the greatest, and most *dangerous* Intemperance of all.

I say, *most dangerous*; not only because it is the first Beginning of all Danger; but also because the Progress of it is so quick and violent, that it is the hardest thing in the World to put a Stop to it. The least Spark of *Fire* misplac'd, if slighted, is enough to burn the
House

House about our Ears. And the least Spark of *Love* once kindled in our Heart, can never be unactive; it either burns, or dies; and, unless we diligently labour to suppress and Smother it, the longer it burns, the more it encreases.

You'll tell me, perhaps, The *Love* of Pleasure, *meerly for its own sake*, is no *Sin*, as long as it is Moderate. My Answer is, that you may, in proportion, say the Same, of *Fire*. Altho' it be not in the Chimney, but in any other Corner of the Room, yet if it be Moderate, it will not burn the House. A *Prudent* Man will never try the Experiment, when the Chimny is at hand, where he may better make it, with as much Convenience, and more Security.

For example. A Man who chiefly loves his Meat and Drink for the Gust and *Pleasure* of them, unless he daily check this *Love*, 'twill grow upon him by degrees, till at length he loves the Tickling
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of his Palate more than the Preserving of his Health. The Temptation is then so Strong, it almost always overcomes him; He commits one Excess after another; He is ashamed of his Weakness; He repents; He confesses; He begs Pardon; He resolves to mend; But still he Relapses again. Had he daily checkt this Epicureous *Love* in the Beginning, he had never come to this Pass: Or, would he daily endeavour to restrain it, for the future, He would not long continue a Slave to his Palate: But he neither *did* the one, nor *will* he do the other: Therefore he Sins on.

The same is true in all our *Love* of Creatures, if we love them *purely* for the *Pleasure* we find in them. I will not say, it always is a Sin: I leave that Point to be disputed and determin'd by our *Virtuosoes* in Morality. I only say, 'Tis always a *Temptation*, which is apt to be too Strong for us; and therefore we are always guilty of a very great

great *Imprudence*, if we do not heartily endeavour to restrain the growing Power of it, and to weaken it so effectually, that we may always *easily* overcome it. We have always found by Experience, that we never yet committed any one deliberate *Sin*, which was not occasion'd by the *Love* of something or other, which tempted us to it. This *Temptation* was never Stronger than this *Love*. 'Twas nothing but the Strength and Power of this *Love*. And must this *Love* be always cherish'd in our Hearts? Can we abhor and heartily detest our *Sins*, and at the same time not endeavour to remove the *Voluntary Danger* in which we have so often *perish'd*? Or can we seriously and sincerely pray to God, That he *lead us not into Temptation*; when, all the while we have wilfully *led* our selves into the worst and greatest of *Temptations*, and will not do our best to *lead* our selves fairly out of it?

The sad Effects of Slighting this
great

great Danger, we *see* plainly in our Neighbours, and as plainly *feel* in our Selves. Tis the great Scandal of Christianity, that the lives of Christians are generally no better than what may be observ'd amongst Heathens: And the Scandal is so much Greater; because they frequent the Sacraments, as they do, and with serious Resolutions, as they say, to mend their Lives; And yet return immediatly to their wonted Sins; and after a long Course of many years, can shew no Alteration in their Practices, unless it be for the worse. What made them Sin, at first? They *lov'd* their *Humour* better than their *Duty*. What made them return again to the same Sins? They *lov'd* their *Humour* as much as ever.

Had they *lov'd* their *Humour* much less; had they made it their business to be always Quarrelling with it, always taking it to pieces, always searching every fault of it, and always turning all the Wit they have to find out Arguments
against

against it, such as may induce them to despise it, and detest it: Or, if it be not safe (considering their Weakness) to entertain their Thoughts with such *particulars* as these, Yet, had they made the best they could, of all those *general* Motives, of the Vanity, the Uncertainty, the Deceitfulness, the Shortness and Vexation of all Worldly Pleasures; had they compar'd them with the Solid, the Substantial, the Certain, the Sincere, the True and Everlasting Comfort of the Joys which we expect in Heaven; had they not only thus employ'd their *Thoughts*, but also in their *Actions* had denied themselves the *Use* of those Preliminary Liberties, where Danger is at greater Distance, where it is less Tempting, and where their *Humour* is not so strongly engag'd, taking care to have their *Duty* more in View than formerly, and in lesser Matters making their *Pleasure* give place to it: Had they done, I say,

All

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All this, They would have soon begun to *love* their *Humour* daily less and less, and to *love* their *Duty* daily more and more, and would not have so easily return'd again to the same Sins. Alas! they never did All this; nor any part of it: And therefore they Sinn'd on, without Amendment.

The World would soon mend, if it had a mind to't. But the Mischief is, All those who love the World, have no mind to mend their *Love*, if they can help it. *Must I mend?* say they: *Must I needs be in great Danger of Damnation, if I do not?* If you tell them, *Yes*; you might as well have held your Tongue; They beg your pardon; They know not how to believe it. *Cannot we love God*, say they, *a great deal more than ever we did, without loving his Creatures one jot less than we do?* God help them. If they were upon their Death-bed, they might say, with as good a grace; *Pray, Mr. Doctor,*
Cannot

Cannot you restore our Health, without giving us the trouble of curing our Disease? The Case is exactly Parallel: There being no Disease more opposite to the Health of our Body, than the Love of this World is contrary to the Love of God. No *Blindness* but that of *Worldly Love*, could ever have been guilty of so Foolish a Mistake.

What Folly can be greater, than to act against the plain Experience of so many Vain Attempts, and still continue Obstinate in Trying again, in vain? You will not love the *World less*; But you will love *God more*: That is, You will do *God's* work, and will not do your *own*: You will Stretch your hand to what is out of your reach, and what belongs to your Duty you'll decline, you will not move a Finger towards it. We cannot bestow upon our Selves the *Love of God*; Tis a *Gift* that comes entirely from above: We only can prepare our *Hearts*, by the assistance of his
pre-

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previous Graces, which dispose and fit us to receive so great a Gift: And all our principal part of Preparation consists, in Removing the Love of this World, to make room for the Love of God. The Gospel (*d*) teaches us the Way to Heaven, by directing us to *despise* the World and *hate* it: And how dare you pretend to find a New way, by your Self, *esteeming* still the World, and *loving* it as much as ever?

Say what you will, All *Worldly Love* is always, more or less, *Dangerous*. The Only *Safe Way* to Heaven, is to love no Earthly Satisfaction upon any Score of *pleasing* our Humour, but *purely* upon the account of its being *Serviceable* to our Health, our Duty, and our True Happiness. The Only *Danger* is in being *out* of this Way. There's none at all, of being *in* it. As long as we continue in this way, of labouring all we can to wean our Love *entirely* from all

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(*d*) Mat. 6. 24.

ly things, and to love them daily less and less, that so we may prepare our Hearts to love the Joys of Heaven daily more and more; We cannot possibly exceed: Because 'tis utterly impossible, either to love God *too much*, or to love the World *too little*.

To prevent the Common Objection which is always made by those whom Rodriguez justly blames, (e) who are afraid to do too much, and always have their Compasses in hand, to measure what they are oblig'd to; I shall here set down his words, which cannot be applied more seasonably, or to a better purpose, than in our present Case. (f) Our Desires must of necessity fly high, if we intend to satisfy our indispensable Duties. When a Bow is too weak bent, you will never be able to hit the mark, unless you aim a great deal higher. You say, you are too weak, and that I ought not to propose

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(e) P. 1. Tr. 1. ch. 10. (f) *ib.* ch. 8.

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to you such high things : I answer, that, because you are weak, therefore I must represent to you the most perfect *Virtue*, that by aiming always at it, you may accomplish at least what is your indispensable Obligation.

Only one word more; and I have done. There is not one single Soul in *Hell*, but what was damn'd for loving the *World* or something in it. There is not one poor Sinner upon *Earth*, that ever Sinn'd or Suffer'd, upon any other Score, than for the *Love* of something or other belonging to this *World*. There is not a Saint in *Heaven*, that could ever gain a *Happy Entrance* there, without first being disengag'd or purg'd entirely from all *Earthly Love*. And shall this *Love* be still the *Darling* of our Hearts! This *Love* which is, at once, the *Hindrance* of *Eternal Happiness* in *Heaven*; the *Cause* of all our *Sin* and *Misery* on *Earth*; and *Fuel* of our *Everlasting Fire* in *Hell*!

C H A P. XXV.

Maxims of Tho. Kempis concerning Worldly Love.

I Have more Reasons than one, to appeal to this Pious Author. I know no other Book, whose Reputation (next to the Scripture) is so well establish'd; whose Doctrine so plainly and familiarly shews the short and Safe Way to Perfection; and whose Maxims are so commonly read and approv'd by the Generality of Christians. By appealing to him.

1. I shall do my Self the Honour of shewing that my *Essay* agrees exactly with his Doctrin.

2. I shall do my Author the Justice of proving that his Maxims are well grounded in the Fundamental Principles of True Philosophy. And,

3. By gaining these two Points, I shall be better able to do my Reader some little Service, which (in Reason) he can owe me no ill will for.

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I should count it a considerable Service, and be very glad to have done it, could I quite remove a Prejudice, which our Author often suffers, notwithstanding all his General Applause. There are many people in the World, who being great Admirers, & clear Wit, fine Language, and Philosophy, are apt to have a mean Opinion of a Book, in which these are not eminent, and most in sight. They do not consider, that the clearest Wit is not always the Wisest; that the finest Language is not always the Best Sense; and that the deepest Foundation may very naturally happen to be least in Sight.

In his *Fourth Book* he lays open the Foundation of his Doctrine, upon which the whole System of his *Three First* is built. He supposes, what Philosophy proves, that the different Love, of contrary Objects, can never so well agree in the same Heart, but that the one must always be a *Hindrance* to the other. 'Tis

impossible to *love* Darknes, without *hating* Light; to *desire* the one, without an *Aversion* to the other; or to *love* and *desire* the Gratifying of a Silly Humour, without *hating* and being *averse* to our *Duty* which opposes it. These two Loves of these so contrary Objects, can never meet without Striving for the Mastery; They divide the Heart as much as possible they can; They draw it several ways, with all their Force; And thus each Love is, to the utmost of its Power, a *Hindrance* of the other. Let us hear his words.

‘It is sometimes a small matter
 ‘(a) that *hinders* Grace from us,
 ‘if it be to be call’d small, and not
 ‘rather a great matter, that *hin-*
 ‘ders so great a Good. And, if we
 ‘remove this, be it great or small,
 ‘and perfectly overcome it, we shall
 ‘have our Desire. (b) Whosoever
 ‘with a Sincere Heart directs his
 ‘Intention to God, and purges him-
 ‘self

(a) *ch.* 15. n. 2. (b) *ib.* n. 3.

‘ self from *all* inordinate Love of
 ‘ *any* Creature, is most fit to re-
 ‘ ceive Grace. For our Lord be-
 ‘ stows his Blessings there, where he
 ‘ finds his Vessels empty. And the
 ‘ *more* perfectly one forsakes these
 ‘ base things, so much the *more* spee-
 ‘ dily Grace comes, and enters in
 ‘ more plentifully, and raises the
 ‘ Heart that is thus *free*, to a high-
 ‘ er State of Grace.

In such a Scheme as this, I easily
 discover some plain marks of a *Phi-
 losopher*, but none at all of a *Bigot*.
 There’s nothing here that savours
 of the Legend of the Nursery, or
 of the Winter-Stories of Old Mo-
 ther Ignorance. He lays his Prin-
 ciples as deeply, and deals his No-
 tions as exactly, as those who do it
 with more Pomp and Ostentation
 of their Art.

He tells us, that if our Vessels
 were *empty*, God would take de-
 light to *fill* them to the Brim; that,
 altho’ the latter part be totally
 God’s Work, the former is partly

Ours; and that, in this, we do not do our part: Because, we do not faithfully cooperate with him, in the Preparation of our Hearts; we do not sincerely endeavour to put them in a Disposition proper to receive his Grace; on the contrary, we nourish in them so much *Love* of our *Humour*, that we do not leave sufficient room for the *Love* of our *Duty* to possess the Whole Government there. He adds, that if once we labour'd Seriously and heartily to wean our Selves from all the World, and to make the Love of it submit entirely to the Love of God, we soon should see the Great Effects of Grace; we presently should feel our Souls, and all our Faculties enlarg'd; and we should even stand amaz'd with Admiration at the Happy Change of our Hearts.

Having thus fairly Stated the Account, he leaves us to consider?

I. How *small* the *Value* is of all those things, for the sake of which we

we so often abandon our *Duty*.

2. How *great* the *Damage* is, of all these *Loves*, which tho' (perhaps) they are not *Sins*, are always great *Temptations* to Sin, and great *Obstructions* in our Way to Heaven, by *opposing* the *Grace* of God, and *hindring* the *Amendment* of our *Lives*.

3. How *unjustly* we presume to charge God with our Want of *Grace*, when we endeavour to amend our *Lives*, and find our *Labours* fruitless. Alas! The Fault is none of *his*, but evidently *ours*; because we do not, with a *Sincere Heart*, direct our whole *Intention* and *Desire* to God, and purge our *Selves* from all *Fond Love*, of any *Creature* whatsoever.

I say, from all *Fond Love*; Because this single Word prevents mistakes which otherwise might arise; and answers all *Objections* which would otherwise be made; and is an easy *Key* to open the *True Meaning* of our *Author's Doctrine*.

As for *True* and Reasonable Love, either of our Selves, our Friends, our Neighbours, or any other Persons whatsoever; There's no *Humour* in it, which opposes our Duty, or obstructs the *Grace* of God; and therefore there's no *Danger* which obliges us, in Prudence, to *purge* and disengage *our Selves* from it.

'Tis only *False* Unreasonable Love, either of our Selves or Others, which, by inclining us to follow our *Humour* without regard to our *Duty*, is a *Hindrance* to the *Grace* of God; and is so very *Dangerous*, that it justly deserves to be entirely banish'd from our Hearts.

In the Fifth Chapter of this Essay, I have fully describ'd the Character of this *False* Love: And in the Seventh, the Eleventh, and the Twelfth, I have as carefully explain'd the Notion of *True Love*, in reference to Others as well as our Selves. A few words therefore will suffice, at present, to sum up the Evidence.

I. We

1. We *truly* love our selves and Others, when we chiefly *desire* our own and their *True Good*.

2. We *falsely*, foolishly, and *fondly*, love Them or our Selves, when having less regard to this True Good of Theirs or Ours, we chiefly *desire* to please their *Humour* or our own. And,

3. This *Fond Love*, which is a Childish Weakness, and does not properly deserve the Name of Love, is that which our Author here advises us to banish entirely from us.

Altho' I only once can find, in his *Fourth Book*, a full Assertion of this Truth; yet, since he asserts it in an Instance so remarkable, and of such great Importance, as the Receiving of the Blessed Sacrament; I conclude, it ought to be the more regarded. For, if our *Fond Desire* of *any* Worldly Satisfaction, purely upon the account of *pleasing* our *Humour*, be the general Cause of our Communion's being so Unprofitable as they are;

if it be the fatal Source of all our Coldness, all our Weakness, all our Slowness of Amendment; if it hinders the very Fountain of Grace, from flowing in upon us, with that great Abundance which is always ready on God's part; we may be Sure, it will be a much greater Hindrance to his Grace, in all those other Occasions where there is less Efficacy to impart it, and less Hope to obtain it.

But however, lest my Reader may endeavour to perswade himself, These Words were dropt by Chance, and spoke at Unawares, I shall here set down in order, What he says, to the same purpose, in his *Three First Books*; And, without any more Reflections upon the Matter, I shall neither interrupt my Reader, nor my Author, but leave the One to speak, and the Other to judge, for Himself.

BOOK FIRST.

I. 'All is Vanity (c) but only
' to

(c) ch. 1. n. 3.

‘to love God. (*d*) Tis Vanity to
 ‘set our Love on that which passes
 ‘in a moment. (*e*) Endeavour there-
 ‘fore to withdraw thy Heart from
 ‘the Affection of Visible things.

2. ‘Oh! how soon (*f*) do’s this
 ‘World pass away! He is truly
 ‘Wise that accounts *all* Earthly
 ‘things as Dung, that he may gain
 ‘Christ. (*g*) Vain is he that puts
 ‘his Trust in Creatures. (*h*) We
 ‘seek to receive Comfort one of
 ‘another; (*i*) But, alas! this out-
 ‘ward Comfort is Cause of no
 ‘small *Loss* of inward and Divine
 ‘Consolation.

3. ‘We are too Solicitous (*k*)
 ‘for Transitory things, and there-
 ‘fore we remain full of Tepidity.
 ‘(*l*) The *whole Impediment* is, be-
 ‘cause we are not *free* from our
 ‘disorder’d Inclinations; and when
 ‘any Adversity befalls us, we turn
 ‘our

(*d*) *ib.* n. 4. (*e*) *ib.* n. 5. (*f*) ch. 3. n. 6.
 (*g*) c. 7. n. 1. (*h*) c. 10. n. 1 (*i*) *ib.* n. 2.
 (*k*) c. 11. n. 2. (*l*) *ib.* n. 3.

our Selves to Humane Comforts.
 (m) Let us set the Axe to the
 Root, that being *free* from Passi-
 ons, we may enjoy true Peace.

4. A Man should Settle him-
 self so fully in God (n) that he
 need not seek the Comforts of
 Men. (o) He that has perfect
 Charity seeks himself [or his Hu-
 mour] in *nothing*. He also envies
 none ; because he loves *no* pri-
 vate good, but wishes above all
 things to enjoy God. O that we
 had one Spark of perfect Charity,
 How easily might we discern that
 all Earthly things are full of Va-
 nity.

5. Oh, how good a Conscience
 would he keep (p) that would
 never seek Transitory Joy, nor
 busy himself with the things of
 this World ! (q) The World
 passes away, and all the Delights
 of it. (r) What is there any
 where,

(m) *ib.* n. 4. (n) c. 12. n. 2. (o) c. 15.
 n. 3. (p) c. 20. n. 4. (q) *ib.* n. 7. (r) *ib.* n. 8.

‘ where, that can long continue un-
 ‘ der the Sun ? Thou thinkest per-
 ‘ haps to have thy fill ; but thou
 ‘ shalt never attain it. Leave vain
 ‘ things to the Vain ; and attend to
 ‘ that which God commands.

6. If we seldom (s) or never
 ‘ taste Divine Comforts, the Fault
 ‘ is ours, because we do not *wholly*
 ‘ forsake the vain Comforts of this
 ‘ World.(t) Wo be to them that love
 ‘ this miserable Life. If they might
 ‘ live here always, they would care
 ‘ but little for Heaven. (u) O Sense-
 ‘ less Creatures, and Infidels in
 ‘ Heart.

7. ‘ Learn to die to the World ;
 ‘ (w) Learn to condemn *all* Earth-
 ‘ ly things ; (x) Esteem thy Self
 ‘ a Stranger upon Earth ; Keep thy
 ‘ Heart *free* to God ; for thou hast
 ‘ not here any permanent City. (y)
 ‘ When once a Man comes to that
 ‘ State,

(s) c. 21. n. 3. (t) c. 22. n. 3. (u)
ib. n. 4. (w) c. 23. n. 6. (x) *ib.* n. 9.
 (y) c. 25. n. 10.

' State, that he seeks *no* comfort of
 ' any Creature, Then he begins to
 ' take perfect Contentment and
 ' Delight in God.

BOOK SECOND.

I. ' Turn your Self with your
 ' whole Heart (2) unto our Lord,
 ' and forsake this miserable World.
 ' Learn to despise exterior things,
 ' and you shall perceive the King-
 ' dom of God within you. (a) Give
 ' Christ a place in your Heart; and
 ' deny entrance to *all* others. When
 ' you have Christ, you are Rich,
 ' and he will suffice you. He will be
 ' your faithful Helper in all things,
 ' so as you shall not need to trust in
 ' men. For men are soon chang'd;
 ' but Christ remains for ever. (b)
 ' You have not here a Dwelling Ci-
 ' ty. Your Dwelling ought to be in
 ' Heaven, and *all* Earthly things to
 ' be regarded as it were in passing
 ' by. All things pass away. Beware
 ' thou

(2) c. 1. n. 1. (a) *ib.* n. 2. (b) *ib.* n. 3.
 (c) *ib.* n. 4.

‘ thou adhere not to them, lest thou
 ‘ be *enthrall’d*, and so perish. (d)
 ‘ A Lover of Jesus, being *free* from
 ‘ inordinate Affections, can *freely*
 ‘ turn himself to God, and, with
 ‘ great Joy of his Soul, rest in him.
 ‘ (e) If you had your Heart well
 ‘ purg’d, All things would fall out
 ‘ to your Good and Profit. But ma-
 ‘ ny things displease, and often
 ‘ trouble you, because you are not
 ‘ *Free* from the Affection of Earth-
 ‘ ly things.

2. ‘ Do not much regard (f) who
 ‘ is for you, or against you. En-
 ‘ deavour to take care that God
 ‘ may be for you, in every thing
 ‘ you do. (g) An Humble man,
 ‘ when he receives Confusion, is in
 ‘ Peace; because he rests in God,
 ‘ and relies not on the World. (h)
 ‘ If there be any Joy in the World,
 ‘ surely a Man of a *pure* Heart
 ‘ possesses it. As Iron put into the
 Fire

(d) *ib. n. 6.* (e) *ib. n. 8.* (f) *c. 2. n. 1.* (g) *ib. n. 2.* (h) *c. 4. n. 2.*

‘Fire loses its rust, and becomes
 ‘bright, like Fire; So he that
 ‘*wholly* turns himself to God, be-
 ‘comes Fervent, and is chang’d into
 ‘a New Man.

3. ‘You will profit much (*i*) if
 ‘you keep your Self *Free* from all
 ‘temporal Cares. But you will very
 ‘much *hinder* your Self, if you
 ‘Esteem *any* Thing of this World.
 ‘Let therefore *Nothing* be Great
 ‘unto you, *Nothing* Grateful, *No-*
 ‘*thing* Acceptable, but *purely* God
 ‘himself, and that which is *for*
 ‘God. Esteem *all* Comfort Vain,
 ‘which you receive from any Crea-
 ‘ture. A Soul that loves God, de-
 ‘spises *all* things which are inferi-
 ‘our to him. God alone is Ever-
 ‘lasting, and of infinite Great-
 ‘ness, filling all his Creatures:
 ‘the Comfort of the Soul, and the
 ‘True Joy of the Heart.

4. ‘That Glory is short (*k*)
 ‘which is given and receiv’d by men.
 ‘He that desires True Glory, cares

not

‘ not for that which passes away
 ‘ with time. And he that seeks tem-
 ‘ poral Glory, shews that he has
 ‘ little Esteem of Heaven.

5. ‘ He that adheres to Creatures
 ‘ (*l*) shall fall with them : He that
 ‘ loves Jesus, shall stand firmly for
 ‘ ever. Our Beloved is of that Na-
 ‘ ture, that he will have none of
 ‘ that which appertains to Others ;
 ‘ He will have our Heart *alone*, and
 ‘ sit like a King on his own Throne.
 ‘ If we could perfectly purge our
 ‘ Selves of *all* Creatures, He would
 ‘ willingly dwell with us.

6. Never desire (*m*) to be sin-
 ‘ gularly commended or belov’d ;
 ‘ for That appertains only to God,
 ‘ who has none like to himself.
 ‘ Neither do you desire that the
 ‘ Heart of any one should be set
 ‘ on you ; nor do you set your Heart
 ‘ on the love of any. (*n*) Be *pure*
 ‘ and *free* within ; and entangle
 ‘ not

(*l*) c. 7. n. 1. (*m*) c. 8. n. 4. (*n*)
ib. n. 5.

‘not your Heart with any Crea-
‘ture.

7. A Man must fight long (o)
‘and with a constant mind, be-
‘fore he can place his *whole* Heart
‘on God. When a man confides
‘in himself, he easily slides to Hu-
‘mane Comfort. But a True Lover
‘of Christ gives not himself to such
‘Comfort. (p) *All* Worldly De-
‘lights are either *Vain* or *Un-*
‘*clean*.

8. ‘It is not according to Man’s
‘Inclination (q) to love Crosses,
‘fly Honours, suffer Contumelies,
‘wish to be despis’d, and desire *no*
‘Prosperity in this World. We
‘are not able to perform such mat-
‘ters, of our Selves. But, if we trust
‘in God, Strength will be given
‘us from Heaven. (r) When once
‘we are come to this State that our
‘Tribulation begins to seem Sweet
‘and Pleasant to us, for Christ;
‘Then

(o) c. 9. n. 3. (p) c. 10. n. 1. (q) c.
12. n. 9. (r) *ib.* n. 11.

‘Then we have found a Paradise
‘on Earth. (s) We ought to lead
‘a dying Life : And the more we
‘die to our Selves, the more we live
‘to God.

BOOK THIRD.

1. ‘Blessed are they (t) that de-
‘light to attend to the Service of
‘God, and cast from them *all Impe-*
‘*diments* of this World. (u)
‘What are *all* Temporal things,
‘but deceiving Snares ! And what
‘do *all* Creatures avail us, if we
‘are forsaken by our Creator ? Let
‘us forsake therefore *all* Earthly
‘things, that we may obtain True
‘Happiness.

2. ‘Lord I beseech thee, (w)
‘Let thy Truth teach me, and let
‘it deliver me from *all* inordinate
‘Love. (x) Let *nothing* seem great,
‘*nothing* precious, *nothing* worthy
‘to be esteem’d and desir’d, but
‘what is Everlasting. (y) Those
‘who

(s) *ib.* n. 14. (t) *c.* 1. n. 1. (u) *ib.* n.
2. (w) *c.* 4. n. 1. (x) *ib.* n. 3. (y) *ib.* n. 4.

‘ who are purg’d in their Affections, always aspire to Everlasting Happiness. They despise Earthly, and love Heavenly things: They neglect the World; and day and night desire to be in Heaven.

3. ‘ Deliver me (z) O Lord, from *all* inordinate Affections, that so I may be fit to Love, strong to Suffer, and constant to Persever. (a) The Love of Jesus stirs us up to desire always what’s most perfect. It will be above, and not kept down with any base thing. It will be *Free* from *all* Worldly Affection, that we may not be entangled with the Love of *any* Transitory Gain, or troubled with the Loss thereof. It has its Beginning from God, and cannot rest but in, God above all Creatures.

4. ‘ By an ill way of Loving our Selves (b) we lose our Selves: But by seeking God, and sincerely Loving Him, we find both our
‘ Selves

‘Selves and Him. (c) God ought
 ‘to be our chiefest and last End,
 ‘if we desire to be truly Happy. If
 ‘in *any* thing we seek our Selves,
 ‘we presently dry up within our
 ‘Selves. We must therefore confi-
 ‘der *all* things, as flowing from the
 ‘Highest Good, and *all* things are
 ‘to be reduc’d to God as to their
 ‘first Beginning.

5. ‘Tis a very great Honour
 ‘(d) to Serve God, and to despise
 ‘*all* things for him. They obtain
 ‘great *Freedom* of Mind, who en-
 ‘ter for his Sake into the narrow
 ‘Way, and leave off *all* Care of
 ‘the World. (e) When we con-
 ‘temn *all* Worldly things, Then
 ‘more abundant Comforts will be
 ‘given us. (f) When we learn to
 ‘be content with a little, and to be
 ‘pleas’d with ordinary things, and
 ‘not to murmur at *any* inconveni-
 ‘ence ; (g) the more we thus with-
 ‘draw

(c) c. 9. n. 1. (d) c. 10. n. 5. (e) c. 12.
 n. 5. (f) c. 11. n. 3. (g) c. 12. n. 5.

‘ draw our Selves from *all* Comfort
 ‘ of Creatures, so much the sweeter
 ‘ Consolations shall we find in
 ‘ God.

6. ‘ Lord, thou knowest what is
 ‘ best (*b*) do as thou pleasest. Give
 ‘ *what* thou wilt, *how much* thou
 ‘ wilt, and *when* thou wilt. Deal
 ‘ with me in *all* things accord-
 ‘ ing to thy will. I desire not to live
 ‘ to my Self, but to Thee. (*i*) Grant
 ‘ me thy Grace, sweet Jesus, always
 ‘ to desire what is most acceptable
 ‘ to thee. Let thy Will be mine, and
 ‘ my Will ever follow thine, and a-
 ‘ gree perfectly with it. (*k*) Grant
 ‘ that I may die to *all* things in the
 ‘ World, and above all things rest
 ‘ in Thee, and make my Heart
 ‘ enjoy thy Peace. Thou art the on-
 ‘ ly True Peace of the Heart ; thou
 ‘ are the only Rest ; out of Thee
 ‘ *all* Things are troublesom and un-
 ‘ quiet.

What-

(*b*) c. 15. n. 2. (*i*) *ib.* n. 3. (*k*) *ib.*
 n. 4.

7. 'Whatsoever (l) I can desire
'or imagine for my Comfort, I look
'not for it here, but hereafter. If I
'could alone have all the Comforts
'in the World, tis certain they
'could not last long. My Soul, thou
'canst not be fully comforted, but
'in God. Expect a while, my Soul,
'and thou shalt have abundance of
'all good things in Heaven. Thou
'must only *use* these things, and
'*desire* only what's Eternal. (m)
'Vain and short is *all* Humane
'Comfort. Blessed and True is
'that Comfort which makes us wil-
'ling to want *all* Humane Com-
'fort.

8. 'They that *perfectly* contemn
'the World, (n) and endeavour to
'live to God, These are not igno-
'rant of the Divine Sweetness pro-
'mis'd to the *true* Forsakers of the
'World. (o) Let others seek what
'they will instead of Thee: But

N

'for

(l) c. 16. n. 1. (m) *ib.* n. 2. (n) c. 20.
n. 5. (o) c. 21. n. 5.

' for me, nothing else do's or shall
 ' delight me, but Thou my God.
 ' My desire is to enjoy thee, being
 ' ready to forsake *all* for thee. For
 ' there is *none* like to thee, either
 ' in Heaven, or on Earth.

9. ' Raise up my Mind, O God,
 ' (p) draw up my *whole* Desire to
 ' Heavenly Treasures, that having
 ' tasted the Sweetness of them, I
 ' may loath to think of Earthly Va-
 ' nities. (q) Deliver me from *all* un-
 ' stable Comfort of Creatures: for
 ' *no* created thing can fully quiet
 ' my Desire. Thou only fillest the
 ' Minds of them that love thee,
 ' and without Thee *all* things are
 ' distastful.

10. Desire not (r) to be known
 ' by many, and to have the parti-
 ' cular Love of men: For these
 ' things breed distractions, and
 ' cause great darkness of Heart. (s)
 ' To enjoy True Peace, we must
 ' direct

(p) c. 23. n. 5. (q) *ib.* n. 6. (r) c. 24.
 n. 2. (s) c. 25. n. 1.

‘direct our *whole* intention to please
‘God *alone*, and desire to seek *no-*
‘*thing* out of him.

11. ‘To pass (*t*) as it were with
‘out care, thro’ many Cares, is the
‘Priviledge of a *Free* Mind, ad-
‘hering by inordinate affection to
‘*no* creature. (*u*) O my God, make
‘bitter unto me *all* Comfort, which
‘may draw me away from the Love
‘of Everlasting Happiness. (*w*)
‘Confirm me, O Lord, with thy
‘Grace; and purge my Heart from
‘*all* unprofitable care; For no-
‘thing is permanent under the Sun,
‘where *all* things are Vanity and
‘Affliction of Mind.

12. ‘We ought (*x*) to ascend
‘above *all* creatures, and *perfectly*
‘forsake our selves [by forsaking
‘all our Humours;] and consider
‘that God who is the Maker of all
‘things, has nothing amongst crea-
‘tures like unto him. Unless a man
N 2 ‘be

(*t*) C. 26. n. 1. (*u*) *ib.* n. 3. (*w*) C.
27. n. 4. (*x*) C. 31. n. 1.

' be free from the Affection of all
 ' creatures, he cannot with freedom
 ' of Mind attend unto Divine things.
 ' (y) There are few that can wholly
 ' sequester themselves from fading
 ' creatures. But unless a man be de-
 ' liver'd from all creatures, and
 ' wholly united to God ; whatsoever
 ' he knows, and whatsoever he has,
 ' is of little account. Long shall
 ' he be little, and lie in Earthly
 ' baseness, that esteems any thing
 ' Great, but the only Unmeasurable
 ' and Eternal Good. For whatsoever
 ' is not God, is Nothing.

13. ' I know not (z) what it
 ' is, nor by what Spirit we are led,
 ' nor what we pretend, we that
 ' take so much pains, and so great
 ' care for transitory and base things.
 ' (a) We mind not where our Af-
 ' fections lie ; nor bewail the impu-
 ' rity and many faults that are in
 ' all our actions. Since our inward
 ' Affection is much corrupted, it
 ' must

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‘ must needs be that our Actions
‘ proceeding from it, be corrupted
‘ also.

14. ‘ All shall perish (*b*) that pro-
‘ ceedeth not from God. Keep this
‘ short and compleat word: For-
‘ sake *all*, and thou shalt find *all*.
‘ Leave thy inordinate Desires, and
‘ thou shalt find Rest. Consider
‘ this well; and, when thou hast
‘ fulfill’d it, thou shalt understand
‘ All.

15. ‘ Despise the Wisdom (*c*) of
‘ this World; Esteem not the Con-
‘ tentment of men, nor thy own Fan-
‘ cies. Heavenly Wisdom tramples
‘ under foot *all* base and Earthly
‘ things. (*d*) The Wise of this World,
‘ who have their Contentment in
‘ Sensual things, cannot attain to
‘ Divine Wisdom. But they that
‘ follow God, by the contempt of
‘ Worldly things, are truly Wise.

N 3

16. If

(*b*) c. 32. n. 1. (*c*) *ib.* n. 2. (*d*) c. 34.
n. 2.

16. 'If we seek Rest in this
 'World (*e*) how shall we then at-
 'tain to Everlasting Rest. Let us
 'seek true Peace; not on Earth
 'but in Heaven; not in men, nor
 'in *any* Creature, but in God alone.
 '(*f*) We must resign, and forsake
 'our Selves, always, and in *every*
 'thing, as well little as great. We
 'must except *nothing*, but be as it
 'were naked, void of *all* things,
 'and *Free* from *all* Self-Will.

17. 'We ought in *all* our business
 '(*g*) to be *Free*, and Masters of our
 'Selves; so that *all* things be under
 'our disposition, and we not subject
 'to them. This is the *Freedom* of
 'the Children of God, who tram-
 'ple the things that are present,
 'under their feet, and place their
 'thoughts on that which is Eternal;
 'who suffer not themselves to cleave
 'to transitory things; but dispose
 'and *use* them, as they are ordain'd
 'by

by the Creator of all, who has
left nothing in his Creatures with-
out due order.

18. 'Tis a matter (*h*) not of least
moment, to forsake our Selves, even
in the least things. (*i*) The true
Spiritual profit of a man, consists
in *denying* and *forsaking* himself.
(*k*) If we could once *perfectly*
forsake *all* Humane Comfort; ei-
ther for the love of Devotion, or
for our own necessity which en-
forces us to seek after Thee, be-
cause none else can comfort us,
Then might we well hope in thy
Grace, and rejoyce in the Gift of
new Consolation. (*l*) True Joy,
is not to delight in any Creature,
but for the sake of God.

19. Unless we (*m*) so prepare
our Selves, that we are willing
and rejoyce to be despis'd and for-
saken by *all* creatures, we cannot
obtain that inward Strength and
Peace,

(*h*) c. 39. n. 2. (*i*) *ib.* n. 3. (*k*) c. 40. n.
2. (*l*) *ib.* n. 5. (*m*) c. 41. n. 2.

'Peace, which *wholly* unites us to
 'God. (*n*) We approach so much
 'the nearer unto God, by how
 'much the farther we depart from
 'all Earthly Comfort. We ought
 'to be so dead to the affections of
 'beloved Friends, that a Friend's
 'going from us, or dying, shall not
 'grieve us. (*o*) If we could perfect-
 'ly purge our selves from *all* crea-
 'ted Love, Then there would flow
 'into us a great Abundance of Di-
 'vine Grace.

20. 'Tis God (*p*) who teaches us
 'to despise Earthly things, and to
 'loath things present, that we may
 'seek what's Everlasting, place *all*
 'our Hope in him, and desire *no-*
 'thing out of him. (*q*) Man's Na-
 'ture carries him to external things,
 'and unless he quickly return to
 'himself, he lies drown'd in them
 'with delight. (*r*) Little and Short
 'is *All* that passes away with Time.

21. 'O

(*n*) c. 42. n. 1. (*o*) *ib.* n. 2. (*p*) c. 43.
 n. 3. (*q*) c. 44. n. 2. (*r*) c. 47. n. 1.

21. ' O most Blessed (*s*) and
 ' most Clear Day of Eternity,
 ' which no Night ever obscures, but
 ' the highest Truth ever enlightens !
 ' A Day ever Pleasant, ever Secure,
 ' and never Changing into a con-
 ' trary State ! O that *that* Day
 ' would once appear, and *all* Tem-
 ' poral things were at an End ! (*t*)
 ' I would gladly fix my Heart on
 ' the things of Heaven, but Tem-
 ' poral Cares and unmortified Pas-
 ' sions weigh me down. (*u*) Suc-
 ' cour me, O Everlasting Truth,
 ' that no Vanity may move me. Ga-
 ' ther my Senses together unto Thee,
 ' and make me forget the things of
 ' this World. (*w*) Blessed is that
 ' Man, that for Thee, O Lord,
 ' forsakes all Creatures.

22. ' Let thy Servant (*x*) re-
 ' joyce in Thee, O Lord, not in
 ' himself, nor in *any* thing else. (*y*)
 ' It is profitable for me, that shame
 ' has

(*s*) c. 48. n. 1. (*t*) *ib.* n. 4. (*u*) *ib.* n. 5.
 (*w*) *ib.* n. 6. (*x*) c. 50. n. 1. (*y*) *ib.* n. 4.

' has cover'd my face, that I may
 ' rather seek Comfort from Thee,
 ' than from men. (2) There is none
 ' under Heaven can comfort me,
 ' but Thou my Lord God. (a)
 ' Grant me, O Lord, to love that
 ' which is to be belov'd, to esteem
 ' that which is precious in thy eyes,
 ' and despise that which is contemp-
 ' tible in thy Sight.

23. ' The Grace of God (b) is
 ' precious, and suffers not it self to
 ' be mingled with Earthly Com-
 ' forts. We therefore ought to cast
 ' away *all* Hindrances of Grace,
 ' if we desire the Infusion thereof.
 ' We must esteem *all* the whole
 ' World as Nothing: For we can-
 ' not attend to God, and be de-
 ' lighted also with Transitory Va-
 ' nities.

24. ' O how great a Confidence
 ' shall we have at the hour of Death,
 ' if *no* affection to any Earthly thing
 ' detain

(2) *ib.* n. 4. (a) *ib.* n. 7. (b) c. 53. n. 1.
 (c) *ib.* n. 2.

‘detain us in the World. He whose
 ‘Sensuality is subdued to Reason,
 ‘and whose Reason is obedient to
 ‘God, he is truly a Conqueror of
 ‘himself, and Lord of the World.
 ‘(d) If we desire to mount to this
 ‘height of Perfection, we must be-
 ‘gin manfully, and set the *Axe* to
 ‘the *Root*, that we may destroy our
 ‘inordinate Inclination to our Self,
 ‘and to *all* Earthly Good.

25. ‘Nature regards (e) the
 ‘things of this World; rejoyces
 ‘at Earthly Gain; and is sorry for
 ‘suffering Loss: But Grace consi-
 ‘ders that which is Everlasting;
 ‘and cleaves not to that which fades
 ‘with Time; nor is troubled with
 ‘Loss; because she has plac’d her
 ‘Treasure and her Joy in Heaven,
 ‘where nothing perishes. (f) Na-
 ‘ture is Covetous; Grace content
 ‘with a little. Nature inclines to
 ‘Creatures; Grace draws us to
 ‘God.

(d) *ib.* n. 3. (e) *c.* 54. n. 3. (f)
ib. n. 4.

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‘God. Nature is willing to have
‘some outward Comfort; Grace
‘seeks Comfort in God *alone*, (g)
‘and desires *no* Temporal things,
‘even *Necessaries*, any *more* than
‘they may *Serve* her for the ob-
‘taining of Everlasting Glory
‘*Amen.*

(g) *ib.* n. 3.

May 13 Ascension-Eve. 1702.

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